

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

You can hardly meet two of your friends who have the same idea of spending their holidays. One thinks there is no place in the world like Muskoka, another goes into raptures over Niagara-on-the-Lake or some such place where one has the opportunities for excursions over the big inland waters; still another prefers a run to the World's Fair or New York, while the next man you meet claims there is nothing like a few weeks' boarding on a farm, where you have all the quiet comforts of home along with all the pleasures of nature. These are only a few of the many ideas that people have, for it would fill a book to enumerate them all. Those who go to Muskoka have each a favorite spot which they regard as superior to all other spots, and those who go to the country know exactly where there is a farm that beats all other farms. They know this before they go, but as in everything else the charms of a farm often fade on too near approach. Who can describe the joy, the pleasure, of the first few days on the farm? Treated like a king, one's slightest wish anticipated, one's opinions deferred to on every subject political, religious or domestic, and a second slice of roast forced on you despite all your protestations. If you ever require to ask for "a little more gravy, if you please," you bring down a shower of reproaches on poor dad's head from all the womenfolk, because of his carelessness. They tell him he thinks of nothing but filling his own crop, and before the subject is allowed to rest you vow never again to ask for a second helping, for, even after dinner, out in the kitchen, they go for him again and through the door you see him pull his hat sullenly over his eyes and slouch out to ease his feelings on the hired men. But, bless you, dad doesn't worry long after a jawing. He's used to 'em, dad is, and your half-formed fear that he may harbor a feeling against you as the cause of his getting a tongue thrashing is without foundation. He knows he was wrong, very wrong, in not watching your plate and seizing a chance (when you were not looking) to slide something else on it, and he knows further that any person or thing is enough to bring the women about his ears. Dad turns up at tea-time, unchanged in his manner, hangs outside to the last minute so as to postpone the ordeal of being looked at by strange eyes, and then drops into his chair.

For a week all are in awe of you, accept your opinion on anything, and would move the barn to the other side of the farm if you insisted on it. Anything in the eating line that you express a dislike for is wiped suddenly from the bill of fare as though it were a crime to ever cook it again in a civilized land. But an almost imperceptible change comes over the spirit of the place about the end of the first week. The change generally occurs on Sunday, and it is "mother," that courageous soul, who supplies the first evidence of it. Suppose you don't like smoked ham and it has been banished all week out of respect for your personal taste. As a declaration of independence, "mother" will cook ham for Sunday breakfast and feign to have forgotten your dislike for it until you are seated at table. Then you will have to wait while she boils a couple of eggs for you. While you are waiting for the eggs you will desire to show that the trifling occurrence has not ruffled your feelings in the least, and straightway you will engage dad in conversation about the protective tariff. All week he has agreed with you that the tariff is the worst swindle of this or any other age, but now to your amazement he will chop in on you with: "Well, there's two sides to every question, you'll admit that." This will almost knock you speechless—all week he seemed such an intelligent man! But there he will sit, not saying much but listening to you with a combative, unconvinced expression of countenance and drawing moral support with his eyes from the kitchen, as the sun draws water before a shower. At dinner you will keep clear of the tariff and talk about something that you know him to be sound on, so you will bring up the subject of predestination and direct ascension after death. But no, he will shake his head, run his whiskers through his hand, and, exchanging suggestive glances with his wife, remark that he "reckons we won't never know much about these things until after we've kicked the bucket." By this time you will conclude that the man is little better than a drivelling idiot, having passed, in one short day, from a position of absolute soundness to one of downright imbecility on two such questions as the tariff and predestination.

If you were to bid me guess what had, in one short day, laid dad's mind in ruins and reduced him to repulsive idiocy, my first guess would be towels. Towels would probably have called smoked ham to your breakfast table and perverted dad's views on fiscal, religious and all other subjects. You have no doubt been fitting three towels for the wash every day, and "mother" had to get out her tub and do up half a dozen Saturday night after you had gone to bed. What could dad do? What were the questions of tariff and predestination compared to the towel issue in that house? If you said the sun was shining dad would have to shake his head or combatively look out of the window. Dad knows that if you keep on in your reckless career, washing and splashing and bathing your feet, your visit will be brief, and as he has to live in the bosom of that family all his days, he can afford to take sides against you. Sly old dog, he is, sly and sly, and a great hand with women! The poor old fellow lives and dies nourishing this conceit,

but in reality hen-pecked from the cradle to the grave, and only rising triumphant about once a year when he comes home hilarious from a barn-raising and pulls everyone out of bed to convince them that he is not drunk. On such an occasion doesn't he laugh and frown and terrify with his eyes; and isn't he boss of his own house? But in atonement he eats humble pie for months and isn't allowed to handle any money. When visitors call and cider and rhubarb wine are brought up from the cellar, "mother," with her company smile and an eloquent eye, will tell dad that he prefers buttermilk, and he will have to swear that if there is anything in this world that his vitals are yearning for it is a mug of buttermilk. Such is dad and such are his troubles. If you have boarded on a farm you are sure to know him.

The young man who goes home for his holidays to the sleepy little village where he was

him effects the same result. I had as lief be hated as forgotten. A man may dislike you through misunderstanding some quality of your character or some action of yours; but to forget you is an utter condemnation of you, bag and baggage, showing you to be a colorless individual who never impressed him, good, bad or indifferent. It is hard medicine for a man of any sensitiveness. To feign forgetfulness is the keenest weapon of the cruel. When you return to the village where you formerly lived you find new people walking the streets and occupying the houses as though they had lived there since the creation; you find new boys loafing on the corner and they gawp you as you gawped others in the old days; you find the old school house either torn down or prostituted in its helpless age to ignoble use; you find some once prosperous citizen engaged in a taboored and itinerant pursuit not wholly dissociated from the cultivation of horses for the British market,

who still expect him to finish his task. The Unionists see that they have but to play a waiting game, and Death is the ally whose coming they beseech, whose aid they implore as their last and only means of success. Gladstone is aware that the cause depends on his life, and he realizes, too, that his days are numbered, and his moments are instinct with the fate of Ireland. This is why he applies the cloture and rushes clause after clause in swift procession through the House. It is an interesting fact that the cloture which was originally created to deal the Irish cause its death blow, has become the one instrument by which Gladstone may cleave his way to the end. To some it may look like a dispensation of Providence. The Unionists are in a state of violent indignation against a method of procedure which they originated and unsparingly employed in their own behalf; and the method which the Home Rulers once denounced with frenzy they now pursue with de-

It is remarkable how time not only changes everything beneath the circuit of the sun but how frequently the positions of men and organizations are reversed. Many years ago an organization came into force for the express purpose of establishing religious and civil liberty. Its chief fight was against the Pope and his power, and the adherents of it were known as Orangemen. There are none of us, either Protestant or Liberal Catholics, who have not felt that their mission was an exceedingly important one. The best men in the world have been fighting for liberty always; the world is what it is because in the darkest ages there have always been those who have loved liberty and the right. We may not have been always in entire accord with either the methods or the utterances of the Orange body, but thoughtful people have always understood that the most sacred and valued of the organizations which have upheld civil and religious liberty are open to abuses and are liable to make mistakes.

With what astonishment must the people have read in the newspapers within the past couple of weeks that the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America had unanimously empowered the grand master to withdraw the warrants of lodges publishing hasty and ill-considered resolutions reflecting on the conduct of brethren in the offices of the association. As to what shall be considered "hasty and ill-considered" the Grand Master is apparently left to decide and this resolution is, consequently, nothing more nor less than a declaration of the infallibility of this Protestant pope. And was it for this that the Boyne was crossed and the siege of Derry undergone? At the close of the nineteenth century is there a new papacy to be established with power of excommunication exceeding even that possessed by the pontiffs at Rome? It is such an astounding reversal of all the principles supposed to be held and conserved by the Orange order that it seems to me well worth while enquiring the meaning, scope and result of the putting into force of this politico-Protestant gag-law. Nor would it be amiss in passing to enquire what class of men make up the Grand Lodge of North America, for it is passing strange that a hundred citizens of a free country could be persuaded to pass either unthinkingly or by a majority any such startling resolution.

Not being an Orangeman I can only judge from the outside and state only such things as I have obtained by enquiry. I am told that a considerable majority of the whole Grand Lodge is made up of Dominion civil servants, that the rank and file can hardly ever hope to get into the Grand Lodge, that wire-pulling and log-rolling are as useful in obtaining places in the Grand Lodge as elsewhere. Remembering, then, that the Grand Master is, as heretofore, a Dominion official, that the Grand Lodge is under his control by reason of the majority occupying places in the civil service, the resolution looks exceedingly bad. Hereafter if the Grand Master sees fit to excommunicate a lodge for criticizing his action on anything like the Jesuits Estates Act, the Manitoba School Act, Dual Languages or anything of the sort, he can summarily dismiss the whole outfit and let them be anathema. Orangism has been accused of being a political machine, and it is astonishing to me that in the face of such repeated accusations anything should be passed to so cap the climax as the resolution under discussion.

Now as to its meaning, any one who knows N. Clark Wallace will not suppose for a moment that he is seeking for autocratic power. No man in public life has less of the tyrant or autocrat about him than the Comptroller of Customs. It does not seem to me that he sought any such powers nor can I be convinced that those who wished him well would force them upon him. To put the matter plainly I think there was a "job" put upon him, and if he ever issues a bill of excommunication on any such grounds as have been declared sufficient reasons he will make himself the most unpopular man in the Orange order and an impossible person for a public office. Happening to be one of those who thoroughly appreciate the member for West York. I have taken occasion to write this, suggesting that he either issue a disclaimer or so carefully avoid using the authority placed in his hands for his own destruction that the resolution will be a dead letter. I am told that Orangemen themselves are passing resolutions and are preparing to pass resolutions which will make the Grand Master exceedingly uncomfortable. As it is, his position is an absurd one, and if this thing has not been done to him by his enemies, it has been brought about by fool friends.

It is wonderful how throughout Manitoba and the Northwest at this season of the year the crops are the most absorbing topic of conversation. A man coming into town from an outlying district is eagerly questioned as to what are the prospects. Nongamblers ever watched with eager eyes the turning of a card so intently as the Manitobans are watching the ripening of the wheat. If the sun shines too hotly the question for discussion is whether it will dry up the grain and shorten the crop; if at night it turns cold the word frost is never mentioned but the enquiring look in the eyes of every man who meets you is as plain as words could make the enquiry. Do you think it will freeze to-night? No sign of heavy wind or hail escapes unobserved; everything hinges on the crops. From personal observation and conversation with a large number of people I



THE MOTHER.

born has the worst time of his life. If he makes the home of some old-time acquaintance his headquarters, the gossip says it is cheerful to find that his cheeks have not grown thin as he has grown older. If he puts up at the hotel the gossip brush up their memories to prove there was a time when he did not strut around a hotel—"No, nor his father before him, nor any of the name, for that matter." The only way for a young man to return after several years to his native village, without offending some, at least, of the inhabitants, is to be shipped their embalmed; and the only place where he can put up, without offence, is in the cemetery. In such a case every person agrees that it is very nice and sentimental for him to come home, and they drop out flowers on his grave and tell how well he was succeeding and how sad it is to see him mowed down so soon. If he is unknown there are those who try to mow him with their scythe-like tongues. But even if the wayward spite of those who remember him does not make his visit unsatisfying the number who have forgotten all about

while some despised beggar of the old days has become prosperous and abominable to everyone. The big trees you knew so well are gone, none can tell you how or when; the everlasting hills have been fenced in, built upon, and smile no welcome; the river, once so big a stream that it required all your daring to wade through it, has, in grief at your long absence, shrunk to the puny dimensions of a shallow creek. But the river sets you thinking. Was it once a river of some consequence or were you once a small boy, with very short legs for wading, and so little experience that a mill-pond was more awesome than is now an ocean? That is it and that is life.

Home Rule hangs pendant on the frail thread of an old man's life. It is a heavy weight, straining and jerking and taxing the thread in a way that would cause it soon to snap were it far stronger than it is. No person has the courage to predict a successful outcome to the cause should Gladstone be removed by death. Yet, despite his excessive age, there are many

light. It is all a question of whose bull is gored. Should Gladstone die, leaving his task incomplete, as seems certain, the cloture will again turn its irresistible force against Home Rule and opinions about it will once more be reversed. The House of Lords will certainly reject the Bill and Gladstone is too old, too pressed for time, to overthrow the power of the peerage in the system of government. The Lords cannot be terrified by a threatening voice from a coffin. They know that that voice will soon be stilled and that no one will be left who is capable of carrying out its threats. A worrying policy for a year or two, at most, is all that is required to bring victory to the side of the Lords and Unionists. The rough and tumble fracas in the Commons illustrates my recent statement that man is a fighting animal, out of whom the spirit of conflict cannot be educated. That was the last place in the wide world where physical strife might have been expected. This and many other happenings, of late, are worrisome that will quickly wear Gladstone out. MACK.

am led to believe that the yield will be a good fair average. The hail storm on the Manitoba and North-Western stripped the leaves from the trees and the grain from the fields for eighty or ninety square miles. Around Brandon, where the soil is light, the yield will be considerably below the average. Around Indian Head, the site of the Experimental Farm of the North-West, a more luxurious harvest has never been promised, and altogether the North-Western people are feeling in excellent spirits. Easterners do not understand what a period of suspense is being passed through by the farmers and those who rely on the farmers for their living. Hotels and railway coaches are filled by Ontario business men, and it is almost incalculable the advantage this province will receive if Manitoba and the North-West are prosperous during the coming fall.

Cleveland's message delivered at a special session of Congress has attracted the attention of the world for the lucid strength of his utterances. What he said was intelligible to everybody and many of those who read it would for the first time obtain something like an idea of the meaning of the silver question. Not only have the Democratic and Republican papers of the United States alike praised him for his manly and forcible words but the organs of public opinion in England have commended him. No man who was ever in public life in the United States has so thoroughly merited the admiration of the people as Grover Cleveland. He promises to be the apostle of a new era. He says what he has to say briefly and unobscured by the technical phrases of the politician and financier. He is not afraid of the people or of himself, and it is to be hoped that he will set the fashion of honest, plain speaking; for it takes a politician or a lawyer to understand the ordinary blue book or to read intelligently the speeches of a finance minister.

Many Canadians are enquiring with much anxiety as to what result the financial depression in the United States will have on Canada. No one is so disagreeable as the man who is always saying "I told you so," yet I have written a dozen articles predicting the almost exact condition in which the United States now find themselves. The causes were set forth and the results predicted in such a way as to entitle me to give an opinion as to the future. I am perfectly satisfied that the commercial crisis in the United States is going to do us an immense amount of good. Australia was England's pet and that insular colony could have money heaped into its hands while we were almost begging for capitalists to come here and take hold of our enterprises. Because moneyed men were sickened years ago by their investments in Grand Trunk securities, Canada has been suspected as a field for investments. Even the Latin Republics of South America could attract British capital, while mining and engineering enterprises offering enormous returns, were left idle in Canada. British money was always ready to be invested in United States mines and railways. Now, in the general crash, Canada will stand alone amongst the nations of the world, her banking systems solid, her business unimpaired and her prospects bright. We have long waited for our turn and now it is coming. We cannot afford to tinker with the tariff, or slaughter goods will ruin our manufactures. All we have to do is to stand steady. The eyes of the moneyed world are upon us. If we conduct ourselves in a self-reliant and business-like way nothing offering decent security in this country will fail of recognition when presented to London capitalists.

Social and Personal.

Prof. Clarke has returned from New York, where he preached to crowded congregations at St. George's church during the absence of the rector, Dr. Rainford.

Hon. S. H. Blake is at Murray Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boeck and Master Boeck of Isabella street have returned from Lorne Park.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt is at Hotel Chautauqua.

Miss Wilson, daughter of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, has returned from England, where she has been for the past eight months studying the methods of the Daughters' Sisterhood preparatory to the opening of a home for the order in this city, of which she is to be the directress.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Irish are at Maplehurst, Muskoka.

The marriage of Miss Ethel M. Montzambert, eldest daughter of Dr. F. Montzambert, 74 St. George street, and Mr. M. Russell Hall of Quebec will take place at Cacouna on Tuesday, August 15.

Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, registered at the Rossin last Tuesday.

Miss Laura McGillivray, so well known in Toronto, and who made such a brilliant debut in the Girl I left behind Me is now assuming with great success the part of Lucy Harborth at the Schiller, Chicago. Miss McGillivray's success is surprising for a girl with so short an experience, as the company in which she appears is of the highest capacity.

Rev. Charles Scadding, formerly of Toronto, but now of Toledo, preached last Sunday morning and evening at the new church of St. John the Evangelist.

Rev. Septimus Jones has left town for the month of August.

Herr Klingensfeldt, principal of the Halifax Conservatory of Music, is to remove to Toronto. Herr Klingensfeldt is the leading musician of Eastern Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. James Baird of Gloucester street returned to the city last week.

A grand concert and dance will take place at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Wednesday, August

16. A week later, on the 23rd, the bowling tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association, will begin and continue until the 26th. On August 29 the tennis tournament will begin.

The yacht Conder left on Saturday last for a cruise.

Sir David L. Macpherson has made the citizens a present of his valuable collection of palms and foliage plants.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer of this city left on the Havel for Southampton and Bremen.

Mrs. Alan and Miss Macdougall and Mrs. McCaul are at Cottage City, Mass.

Mr. S. H. Jones of Toronto is at the Gladstone, Naragansett Pier, R.I.

Major Manly has gone to Muskoka.

The choir boys of St. Matthias church and St. Thomas church, about thirty in all, are camped on the island near the Lighthouse. They will put in three weeks.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson is on his way to England.

Assistant Crown Lands Commissioner Aubrey White is in Bracebridge.

Mr. David Keith has returned to Toronto after a three years' sojourn in foreign lands.

Miss Caroline Miskel, who has been visiting her mother for five weeks, recently left for New York, where she is engaged for the entire season at Madison Square Theater.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taylor have returned from Mount Clemens, Mich.

Sir Oliver Mowat has returned to town from Muskoka.

Mr. D. E. Cameron has returned from the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Peter, Mr. A. and Miss Camella Small have gone to Chicago.

The Bishop of Algoma arrived by the Numidian last Monday.

The Viola left the city last Saturday for a ten day's trip among the Thousand Islands. There was a jolly crew aboard, among whom were Messrs. G. W. Kelly, Coffey, Walsh, Cosgrave, Roberts, Mathews, Pingel, Clark and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howland sailed for England on the Vancouver, August 4.

Dr. Williamson of Cincinnati was in the city for a few days.

Dr. Davidson of Charles street took in the Niagara trip on Friday week on the magnificent ship, Chippewa, when his surgical skill was called into requisition to replace a dislocated shoulder of a poor lad. The job was kindly attended to, Mr. Dan Rose, St. Mary street, assisting.

Mr. E. S. Piper of Bernard avenue gave a delightful party on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Mabel Watson, Peterboro.

Mr. James L. Hughes has returned from the World's Fair.

Miss Nora Clench, the violinist, arrived home by the Vancouver.

Rev. Prof. Clarke will preach in St. James' on Sunday mornings and the third Sunday evening in August.

Signor Vegura of Montreal has taken up his residence in Toronto and will join the staff at the Conservatory.

The Canadian Headquarter Club of Chicago has removed from Marquette Hotel to the Kirkland, Vincennes road, in order to be close to the Fair.

The new curate at St. Peter's officiated last Sunday.

A very distinguished party arrived in the city on Friday, forty or fifty members of the English Society of Arts. Among those in the party were: Rear Admiral S. P. Macleure, Major L'Aker, Capt. Colquhoun Scowee, Messrs. A. Barclay, Fred Cleever, W. B. Fitch, A. S. Herchel, H. G. Lloyd, Joseph Paget, Gilbert Purvis, Rupert Smindelle, J. A. West and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Senior of Yonge street left on Thursday week on their wheels for a trip through Western Ontario. Among other places they intend visiting Hamilton, Aylmer and Exeter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bertram and family are at Maplehurst, Muskoka.

Dr. G. S. Ryerson will be the colonel of the proposed new battalion should the Government permit its establishment.

The marrying of Miss Carver of Youngstown, N. Y., and Mr. Harry A. Allen of Rochester was a very noticeable event. The bride who is quite a beauty and who was magnificently attired, in a rich white wedding gown, was supported by twenty-two bridesmaids, all exquisitely gowned in white. The church was decorated with flowers and altogether it was a social event long to be remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. Suckling, sr., returned on Wednesday, August 2, after a stay of three years in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Massey returned from Massey Camp, Sparrow Lake, on Thursday week.

Mr. George McCullough, pastor of St. Albans' Methodist Church, brought his bride home Wednesday evening. The happy couple were welcomed heartily.

Dr. Copon of Carlton street has gone to Chicago.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of the Jarvis street Baptist church, has received an official invitation from Mr. Theodore Thomas and the World's Fair Musical Bureau to give a recital in the Music Hall of the Exposition on the large organ erected for that purpose. This is a flat-

tering testimony of the high esteem in which our leading Canadian musicians are held by the authorities having in charge the music of the great exhibition.

Mr. Richard Brown of Jarvis street, Miss Brown, Miss Belle Brown and Master Norman Brown, and Miss Susie Ellis of Sherbourne street have returned from visiting the World's Fair. Miss Brown leaves this week to visit Miss Clara Field of Cobourg.

Messrs. W. E. Burritt and G. S. Morrice are at the Ottawa House, Cushing's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Way are at Woodlands, Point Metis, for the holidays.

Mr. C. D. Richardson is at the Iroquois Hotel, St. Hillare.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are at Powder Springs, Richmond, Vt.

Mr. John King is at Gaspé Basin, Quebec.

Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden and family are at Cushing's Island, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howland and Miss Howland sailed on the Vancouver last week for England.

Mr. and Miss Rosa are at their beautiful house on the Ridge, Point a P. C. Q., for the summer.

Mr. E. R. Vankoughnet saved the life of a young lady bather at Old Orchard under circumstances of great peril on Wednesday of last week. When by the assistance of the bathers, who formed a chain to the beach, the couple were safely brought to shore, the young lady was insensible and her gallant rescuer almost exhausted.

A number of Toronto people are at Little Metis, Quebec. Among others are: Mrs. T. B. Holland, Mr. James Jeffrey, the Misses E. M. and Jennie Balmer, and Mrs. Delamere.

Mrs. Black and family of London are visiting friends in the city.

The committee of ladies for the Cacouna resort for clergy in need of summer rest and fresh air consists of Messdames Bell, Irvine and John Hamilton of Quebec, and Mrs. W. G. P. Cassels of Toronto. This lovely resort accommodates recuperating clergymen for a nominal charge of fifty cents a day, and is capably managed and highly endorsed by those who have been guests.

Miss McCrae of Toronto was one of the guests at the Victoria Rifles reception given at Montreal in honor of the officers of the Italian man-of-war Enna. Miss McCrae's dainty Empire gown of white crepe and satin was much admired.

Miss S. Wiley of Baldwin street, and Miss Vandenberg of Oar street are travelling for a couple of weeks through Western Ontario.

Mr. Geo. E. Stacey is summering in Orillia.

Mr. J. M. King, Q. C., and family of Berlin have moved to Toronto, and are living at 147 Beverley street.

Mrs. John O'Grady and Miss O'Grady are staying at Lewiston.

Misses Lillie and Florence McConnell of Dundas street have gone for a month's visit to Cleveland, O.

Miss Florence Strachan of Montreal is visiting Mrs. Thomas Harvie of Wilton avenue while en route home from the World's Fair.

Mrs. E. W. Gardner and Miss Gardner of 78 Sullivan street, left last week for a visit to the World's Fair.

Mr. H. A. Stewart and Mr. W. E. Stewart were in the city last week.

Mr. W. B. Varley spent his holidays near the height of land.

Mr. Frank C. Cooke is summering in Bruce County.

Mr. J. Bell Ferguson of McGill University was in the city this week.

Miss Tweedie of Simpson avenue is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Tassie, at Dresden, Ont.

Miss Gussie Dixon is visiting Miss Jennie Fraser at Beamleigh cottage, De Grassi Point, Lake Simcoe.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Ball of Sherbourne street left on Thursday for a month's visit to Old Orchard Beach.

The aquatic sports at the island on Saturday afternoon were well attended and would have been interesting but for the interruption of the rain which drove all to shelter, many with ruined summer toilets.

Miss O'Hara is spending some time with her relatives in Chatham.

Mrs. Horace A. Wilson and children of Church street are holidaying with her sister, Mrs. McIntosh and family, in camp at Lambton.

Mrs. Alfred D. Morrison is visiting her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Sandys of Chatham.

Miss Siddall of Rosedale, with her sisters, Misses Annie and Lillie, are visiting the World's Fair in company with Mr. and Mrs. William Bengough of New York.

Mrs. Cottrell of Deer Park and two daughters, Mrs. Gamble and daughter, Mr. E. Coste and family and Miss Tim of Buffalo are among those registered at the Paignton House, Muskoka.

Mr. Reginald Temple, son of Dr. Temple, of Simcoe street, and Mr. Albert Macdonald, son of Dr. Macdonald, circumnavigated Lake Simcoe last week in an open boat.

Miss Jennie Lewis is visiting her sister in Goodells, Mich.

Last week at Baljeannie, Sask., Miss Bessie, daughter of Mr. William Westlake, of Plymouth, England, late of London, Ont., was married by Rev. Thos. Clarke to Mr. Hugh

Richardson of Battleford. Miss Westlake, prior to her departure for the Northwest, had spent much of her time in Toronto with her sisters, Mrs. Frank Yeigh and Mrs. R. S. Wilkie, and Mr. Richardson, though for many years a resident of Battleford, where he holds the position of postmaster, is a native of Ontario and an old Upper Canada College boy. He is a son of Judge Richardson, of Regina, and brother of Mrs. C. O. Ermitage of St. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Elgie are spending the summer months at Wellesley Island, Muskoka.

Mrs. Kennedy and family of Dixie, Ont., are visiting T. G. Elgie at Wellesley Island, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. John Earle and family and Mrs. Brennan are summering at Earlecourt, Mr. Earle's Lorne Park villa, and purpose visiting the World's Fair in company with the Hon. Joseph and Mrs. Locke of Portland, Me., in September.

Ald. Geo. McMurich was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Earle of Earlecourt, Lorne Park, last week.

Master Jack Coulson, son of Mr. Duncan Coulson, of Beverley street, is spending his vacation at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake. The family are travelling on the continent.

Miss Ethel Montzambert of St. George street, Toronto, is to be married this month at Cacouna to Mr. Russell Hale of Quebec.

The St. James Cathedral afternoon Sunday school held their picnic at Long Branch spending a most delightful day, the weather was perfect, and the pleasure of the young excursionists was greatly advanced by the jovial and energetic interest of the superintendent, Rev. Arthur Manning, who, in true picnic costume sported himself in active usefulness through the spacious pavilions and admirable grounds of the Branch.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place on Wednesday evening, August 9, in Erskine church, Caer Howell street, before a large number of guests, the contracting parties being Adam B. Mitchell and Kate, fourth daughter of the late John Mackenzie. The bride was attired in white Bedford cord and faile with veil, orange blossoms, and wore diamond ornaments, the gift of the groom, and was one of the prettiest brides married this season. She was supported by Misses Wallon and Mitchell as bridesmaids, the groom being supported by Messrs. W. B. Campbell and Alexander Munro. The ladies of the church had prettily decorated the pulpit, organ and choir seats with foliage and natural flowers. Miss Mackenzie has left a gap in Erskine church which will be difficult to fill, being one of the principal workers in the Christian Endeavor Association and one of the most successful workers in the Sabbath school.

At Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka, on Monday evening last, a large children's ball was given. The ball-room was filled with the young members of the families staying in the hotel, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The young people, with their bright faces full of life, danced gaily to the music supplied by Mrs. Glasser, Miss Nellie Gordon, Miss Tingling, Miss Croft and Mrs. Mayo. Among the young ladies present were: Misses Phillips, Craig, Madison, Warwick, Carmichael, Dallas, Beatty, Snider, and others. After the ball an impromptu surprise party was given to celebrate Miss Nellie Gordon's birthday, and an hour was spent with songs and speeches. During the evening Miss Gordon was presented with a large bouquet and a scent case by her friends in recognition of her kindness in providing music for the dances which are held at the Prospect House.

Rev. Dr. Langtry left for Chicago this week on a visit to the World's Fair. His pulpit at St. Luke's will be filled next Sunday morning and evening by Rev. Arthur H. Manning, of St. James's cathedral.

A very enjoyable evening was spent last Tuesday at the summer residence of Mr. Jas. Lumbers by the young folks of Kew and Balm Beach.

Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity University, who has returned from New York, where he occupied the pulpit of St. George's during the absence of Rev. Dr. Rainford on his holidays, preached at St. James's Cathedral last Sunday morning to a large congregation. The eloquent and gifted professor will preach in the Cathedral.

Continued on Page Eleven.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Silk and Linen Gloves our specialty.
Chamois Gloves in 4 button and Mosquitare, 4 button Dressed and Undressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings and welts to match.

We are selling the balance of our Summer Stock of

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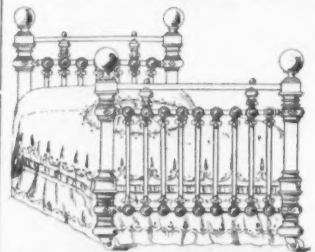
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JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street, opposite the Post Office

Out of Town.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Although still a comparative stranger, Mrs. E. W. Syer has already won a host of admirers. Anyone who saw her as she appeared a few days after her arrival could not help admiring the graceful young bride. She wore a white flannel suit which fitted her pretty figure to perfection, and above the collar of light brown hair rested a wide white hat from which nodded a spray of pale pink poppies. Her face is not only pretty in feature, but has an indescribable sweetness of expression which is as uncommon as it is charming.

The children's fancy dress ball at the Queen's Royal Hotel, last Thursday evening, was a wonderfully pretty scene. About a hundred and fifty little ones, all excitement and importance, and arrayed in every conceivable style of costumes, from the demure, dark-eyed bride in her snowy veil and glowing draperies of white, to the handsome, ebony-skinned negro minstrel, assembled in the drawing room and entrance hall, and from there, two and two, marched to the drawing-room. Masks were dispensed with this year, and the long procession of merry mites, quaint and comical, and representative of almost every age and country, left nothing to the imagination. The opening march, with its pretty, intricate windings afforded a good opportunity to those looking on to study the various costumes and characters, and as the columns wound in and out and doubled and broke into single file with scarcely a hesitation or mistake the general approbation and pleasure of those looking on found expression in a well deserved burst of applause. And with a funny mixture of childish merriment and old-fashioned staidness of demeanor, as befitting the important occasion, did the small representatives of the fashionable world deport themselves. Every costume in the room was perfect, and not by a suggestion could one of them have been improved upon. It was impossible to secure the names of all those present, but the following are a few: Miss Marie Foy and Miss Annie Kingsmill, two handsomely gowned little ladies of the sixteenth century, and could the maidens of that remote period have foreseen events they would have blushed with pride and pleasure at being so well and prettily represented; Master Ernest Dickson, a typical young chorister with his fair English complexion, soft gray eyes and light brown hair; Miss Beatrice Ferguson, a jolly little French cook, whose costume suited to perfection her pretty pink and white skin and fat, dimpled arms; Miss Bella Evans, as night, in billows of black net spangled with silver stars and crescents, and a large crescent in her hair; Miss Ina Winnett was simply captivating as an old market-woman; Miss Gladys Buchanan, a lovely little girl with long, loose curls of dark brown hair, and dainty features, made a beautiful Red Riding Hood, while her sister, Lulu, as a lamp-shade was one of the most admired in the room. Her dress was made entirely of pale yellow crinkled paper with a prettily arranged bordering of violets around the neck; Miss Mary Garrett was a vivacious and charming little Normandy peasant in black and scarlet with a white cap set jauntily on her dark hair; Miss Ethel Stone, whose dancing was exquisitely graceful and aroused the envy of many and the admiration of everyone, was appropriately costumed as a butterfly with yellow stockings and slippers to match her gown; Master Harry Stone, who also danced beautifully, looked remarkably well as a student; Master Robble Stone, a yellow butterfly; Master Gault Kingsmill, Master Biz Warren, Master Sport Coulson and Master Hamilton were four jolly young sailors; Master Frank Foy, a policeman; Master G. Hanson, Little By Blue; Master Jack Coulson, a nigger; Master Tommy Anderson, a baker; Miss Lily Hanson, a little maiden with large dark eyes and jet black hair looked naturally what she so well represented—a Spanish lady; Master J. Baird, a dude; Master Joe Syer, a well built, handsome little chap, wore the scarlet uniform and jaunty cap of Canada's militia; Miss Lansing Macrae, in pale pink silk with a wide white belt trimmed with pink and carrying a dainty little basket of natural flowers made a sweetly pretty bridesmaid; Miss Flora Garrett and Miss Elsie Geddes, two merry little elfs, floated round in the gay whirl in gowns representing Time and Trouble, as well as the Press, for a marvelous number of newspapers, including SATURDAY NIGHT, which stood out conspicuously, were outlined in fancy letters all over their artistically fashioned costumes; Miss Evelyn Dickson's brown eyes gleamed mischievously out from behind the lace mantilla of a Spanish lady; and a very pretty Quakeress was Miss Ella Winnett, in her soft gray gown and huge bonnet, which hid too much of the wearer's lovable little face; Miss Birdie Warren, with her dark hair and big brown eyes, made a splendid gypsy; Miss Pauline Foy, a little fairy in blue gauze, might have been mistaken for Thistle-down if her costume had only been white; Master Jack Foy, a clown; Master Jim Foy, in white wig and gown was a very well looking barrister; Master Eddie Foy and Master Ernest Lansing, Turks; Master Freddie Foy, a chubby-faced mite of about four, with big solemn eyes and brown curls made a beautiful little Lord Fauntleroy; Miss Lizzie Alma, a very pretty Spanish dancer; Master Willie Alma, whose costume was one of the best in the room, a Mexican Cow Boy; Miss Lili Miller, a gypsy; Miss Harriett Bissell, a little Red Riding Hood; Miss Gertrude Hanson, in white muslin, debutante; Miss Clara Foy, in black and silver, Night; Miss Gertrude Foy as Winter, suggested thoughts of ice and snow most welcome and refreshing in the heated atmosphere of the ball-room; Miss Florrie Foy and Miss Mary Bissell, peasants; Miss Viola Geddes and Miss Florence Hanson, quaint, picturesque Japanese girls; Miss Ida Hanson, a very pretty Gypsy maid; while her sister was dressed as a Bonnie Scotch Laddie; Master Charlie Hanson, a Spaniard; Master N. Wylie, a Student; Miss Alice Squires and Miss Florence Howard, two white capped French cooks, who danced remarkably well; Master Bertie Dickson, a handsome curly-haired Negro minstrel; Miss Baby Lewis, a winsome little Marguerite; Miss Gladys Macklem, debutante.

Every chair in the ball-room, even to a double row where space would allow, was occupied by friends and relatives of the little ones, and the doors leading to the dining-room and the verandahs were also crowded. It was one of the prettiest events of the season.

Miss Barnard is the guest of Miss Kingsmill. Miss Galbraith of Hamilton is stopping with Miss Mabel Ker.

Stratford

Mrs. Minnie E. Doyle of Buffalo who has been visiting in the city for some time has returned to Buffalo.

Mrs. A. Leroy-Burk and Miss Eve Burk of Hamilton are the guests of Mrs. Jas. Baxter.

Mrs. Wm. Boles gave a party at her residence on August 4 to a large number of children.

A. H. Alexander and wife have been rusticated on the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Jas. Dutton and Miss Nellie Forman are at the World's Fair.

"Bob" Sprowl, "Lord" Riglan and party spent last week fishing around Wiarton and met with great success.

Mr. Tompkins, city editor of the *Beacon* is leaving the city; while here he made many friends who are sorry to see him go, as the *Beacon* was more readable during his regime than before.

Preparations are being made to have a large celebration on the Civic Holiday, August 24, Capt. Clark's cadets of Guelph are to give an exhibition on that date, and the various societies are to turn out. Stratford will be worth visiting on that day.

On his return from his wedding trip Mr. R. R. Neild has taken up his residence in one of Grange street's handsome houses.

Architect Baxter is opening up branch offices in Berlin, Guelph and Galt.

Miss Buckingham is in Brantford, the guest of Mrs. T. H. Preston.

Miss Bella Walker is visiting friends in London.

Mr. R. Ballantyne was in Listowel for a few days last week at the cheese convention.

Last Friday night a lovely party was given to about sixty young people at the pretty residence of Mr. Clark, the genial postoffice official.

Mrs. J. Palmer-Rankin is visiting friends at 601 Parliament street, Toronto.

Mr. Sidney Johnson leaves in a few days for a month's surveying trip in Algoma.

Rev. Father Mungovan of Sandwich and Mr. Dennis Mungovan, editor of the *Orangeville Post*, are visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Worth and Misses Brown and Johnson left last week for Collingwood, where, with Mr. J. H. Kermer of this city, they took the steamer Atlantic for Mackinac.

The *Huron Signal* notes the following Stratfordites at the Point Farm: Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, four children and nurse, Mr. C. Young, Miss H. Young, Miss McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rennie, Miss G. McPherson, Miss H. McPherson, Miss L. Fisher, Miss E. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Mr. Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and O'Loane.

QUILL DRIVER

Mount Forest.

The exodus from town to the World's Fair has been large. Among the many there this week from town are: Councillors Dan Murphy and J. P. Noonan and wives, Mr. J. A. MacMullan, Mrs. Barrington and Master Tom Barrington, Mr. Mark Adams, Miss Adams, and Miss M. B. Kilgour.

Miss Marie Strong of Brantford is visiting friends in town.

Miss Lena Reid is visiting with friends in Meadowvale and Brampton.

Miss Ida Hughes of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. MacMullen at Maitland Hall.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the town churches gave a pleasant picnic and excursion to the picturesque town of Elora on Friday.

Miss Bird Donnelly of Buffalo is in town with her parents for a few days.

Rev. J. W. MacMillan has returned to his mission in Vancouver after spending his vacation with relatives in town.

Mr. G. D. Bissell and Miss Bissell of Toronto are renewing acquaintances in town.

Mr. J. A. Halsted accompanied by Miss Halsted spent Sunday with Miss Mabel Halsted who is camping with a number of Listowel friends at Oliphant.

Miss Maggie Grier is spending a few days with Guelph friends.

Our town has lost a popular young man who will be much missed (especially by the Church of England congregation where he was lay-reader) by the departure of Mr. Harry Smith for Cleveland where he has taken a situation.

We notice two of New York's most successful young druggists, in the persons of Mr. Alf. Yeomans and Robert Reid who are spending a few days with their parents after doing the World's Fair.

Messdames Coleleugh, Jamieson and Fleming are the chaperons, with a large party of young people from town, who are camping at Pike Lake.

BRANTFORD.

Every person is on the *qui vive* for August 15, when the Fox family will give one of their first-class concerts in Wickliffe Hall.

The following artists take part. Mrs. Geo. Lyall nee Miss Belle Fox of Texas, soprano; Reub. Fox of New York, humorist; Jas. Fox of Toronto, character vocalist; Miss T. McGraw of New York, pianist. Plan opens at the Opera House drug store. Secure your seat early.

The Presbyterian and Congregational churches will unite under the pastorate of Rev. J. C. Tolmie, during Rev. A. W. Richardson's absence in Vancouver.

What they say: That Brantford is a cool city (I fail to see it). That the Canoe Regatta is causing great excitement. That Mrs. Harry Whitehead did some graceful tennis playing in Hamilton last week. That many sweet girls are absent from our tennis court. That there is a very graceful young lady visiting on William street. That Victoria Park looks beautiful at present. That it would be lovely if the band would play once or twice a week.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Building Sale

CAMPING This is the leading holiday month, and the woods will be made full of campers. Wise ones will make proper provision in the way of bedding.

Camping Bed, woven wire mattress, \$1.45.
Comforters, 70c.
Gray Blankets, 6 lbs., \$1.55.
Honeycomb Quills, 10 x 4, 55c; heavy, 11 x 4, \$1.10.
Honeycomb Quills, nothing like them anywhere, 65c.
Ceylon Flannels for outing suits, 20c.
Navy Flannel, for boxing and bathing suits, 17 1/2c, 20c.
Towels for camping uses in the basement.

THE ANNEX More roomy than you thought for. Just about gives us double the store room, which means a store you want to know about. The whole is under one roof by whatever door you enter. Those wonderful values in prints are in the annex.

A Fine Print, 5c, regularly sold 10c.
Indigo Blue Prints, 5c, at made, 8 1/2c, were 12 1/2c.
Order by letter if out of town.
Better send for samples of prints.

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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.
Streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street.
New Annex 170 Yonge Street.
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"Isn't She Pretty?"

And she formerly was almost a fright, but I hear that she has taken some sort of massage treatments with the Hydra-Vacu or Steaming, or both, at

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31 AVENUE STREET

Don't you know about those people? Why, they have cured her of pimples and freckles, made her hands pretty, straightened and developed her figure, darkened her eyebrows and I don't know what else. Her husband was always fond of her, but now he is quite lovelike. Let us see what can be done for you. Oh, here is the address: The Gervaise Graham Dermatological Institute. Tell the conductor on College Street cars to let you off at 31 Avenue Street, Toronto, or send stamp for circular.

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Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices and on wharf. For excursion rates and general information, apply at Head Office on Millroy's Wharf or Telephone 260.

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Apply—PETER MCINTYRE, 87 York Street, FRED ROBER, 2 Toronto Street.

That the St. Bernard dog on Dufferin avenue ought to have some St. Jacob's Oil. That the excursion from Goderich on Tuesday will make the city lively. That the watering carts should be allowed out that day, so as not to smother the strangers with dust, and that our young men think the merry-go-round lots of sport.

Mrs. Robert Shannon is spending a few days in Toronto.

Mrs. Jas. Smith has left for a trip up the lakes.

Miss Emma Weyms is holidaying at Port Dover.

The Misses Bunnell have returned from Montreal.

Mr. Douglas Watt was home this week visiting his parents.

Mr. Gordon Duncan returned from Chicago to-day and seemed delighted with the Exhibition.

Miss Bell is spending vacation at Napanee and Kingston.

Mr. Walter Hughes left for the World's Fair to-day.

Mr. E. Mott of Winnipeg is in the city.

Rev. G. C. and Mrs. Mackenzie are camping at Parry Sound.

Mr. W. N. Hossie leaves next week for Chicago and St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cockshutt have gone down the St. Lawrence for a holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt and family are camping at Port Dover.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Raymond Yates of Putney, England, have arrived in the city and are the guests of Mr. Henry Yates.

I believe Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates have returned from Chicago in order to receive Mr. Yates and his fair bride.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred C. Heath are home from their honeymoon.

SAILOR.



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The Dressmaking Department under my own supervision.

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MARJORV'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER V.

The silence was broken by the clatter of footsteps on the flagged path which led to the cottage door, and then by the sound of voices, and a good deal of fuss in the way of umbrella-shaking and removal of cloaks.

"There's Mrs. Barber," said Felix, starting up. "I must go and explain to her how we came here."

Mrs. Barber, a short, round, apple-cheeked woman of nearly sixty, bustled into the kitchen in a state of some alarm, for the traces of wet feet on her clean black floor, told her that intruders had made their way into the house.

She was delighted to find that it was the young Squire, as she persisted in calling Felix, and she was less respectful but very kindly towards Marjory, whom she already knew by sight. She put on the kettle, and then hurried Marjory upstairs in order to give her some dry clothes, and Felix was left to converse with old Barber, a tall, weather-beaten man, extremely slow of speech and hard of hearing. Under these circumstances, conversation did not flourish and Felix was glad when Mrs. Barber came downstairs again, talking all the way, and ready to ransack her household stores, in order to provide for the wants of her visitors. She insisted at first that neither of them could give to Felix, and her old man should sleep on the settle, while she and Marjory shared a room together. But to this plan Felix would not consent.

"No," he said, "I shall go home, I don't mind the rain at all, but if you will keep Marjory for the night, I shall be very glad."

Marjory looked at him with a curious expression in her eyes. What was he going to do? What did he expect her to do next? Was she going to be restored by force to her friends, or was he going to assist her in her flight?

Neither. He seemed to have drawn her aside before he took his leave, and said a few words to her in a low and earnest voice.

"Marjory," he said, "if you will stay here for a few hours, I will come back to-morrow and see what can be arranged. Only promise that you won't go away without seeing me again."

"Are you going to tell the Pawsons where I am?" she asked.

"If I tell them anything, it will only be to prevent them making a hue and cry, and searching for you, which would be far worse. Believe me, I won't let them do you any harm, Marjory. I think you might trust me for that."

He spoke with boyish vehemence, and Marjory's face instantly flushed.

"I do trust you," she said, "when you tell me that you won't give me back to them, but how was I to know?"

"Well, you won't go away until I have seen you again."

"Very well," said Marjory, "but will Mrs. Barber mind my staying here? You will come back to-morrow."

"Mrs. Barber won't mind a bit," said Felix, "and I shall be sure to come. Good night. He went off cheerfully, in spite of the still pouring rain, and Marjory was left to the care of Mrs. Barber, who, although a little suspicious of a girl who seemed so different from ordinary girls of her station, could not help being motherly and kind to anyone who was in need of help.

It was eleven o'clock before Felix reached home. He was wet through, and very tired and inclined to be impatient of old Simpson's well regulated astonishment and disapproval at young master's state. Felix got rid of him and his enquiries as soon as he could and went to bed, where, however, he tossed about in a ferment of angry feeling, which came from sources that he himself only half understood.

Mr. Hyde was to be back on the following morning. Felix had remembered this, when he promised Marjory that he would see her in the course of that day. He meant to have some conversation with his uncle first.

The Squire was surprised, and on the whole pleased, to find that Felix had come to meet him when he arrived about noon at the nearest station, which was three miles away from Redwood Hall. He thought that Felix meant to pay him some little attention, by coming in this way, and he was not very well accustomed to receiving attentions from Felix, whose manner towards his uncle was always somewhat reserved, if not surly.

"You are going to drive, are you, Felix?" said the uncle; "that is right. Put my portmanteau in behind. You haven't brought a man with you, I see."

"No, I haven't," said Felix, as he mounted the high dog-cart in which he had driven down to the station. "I wanted to speak to you, and I thought that George would be rather in the way."

"Oh, wanted to speak to me, did you?" said Sheraton Hyde, as he mounted more slowly to the seat beside the driver and stole a look at Felix's lowering brows and compressed lips. "Some sort of storm in the air," he thought to himself, "or is it that the boy has changed his mind and wants to throw up the doctoring business after all?"

"Well," he said, as they got clear of the bustle of the station and were driving down a little village street, "what is the matter now? You don't look quite happy in your mind."

"I'm not," Felix rapped out sharply. "I am disappointed."

"Disappointed? What in?" The Squire had not a single idea as to what was passing in the boy's mind and was considerably astonished when Felix answered abruptly:

"I suppose I must say—in you."

"In me? Well, that's rather a good joke," said Mr. Hyde, laughing a little uneasily. "What have I been doing now?"

"It is no joke at all," said Felix obstinately. "It is just this. I don't think you have been behaving fairly to that girl, Marjory Moore, the girl that plays the violin."

"Oh, oh, that's the grievance, is it? Well, for my part, I think I am doing a good deal for her. She's getting the best lessons that can be got for her in this neighborhood, and I am paying for them. Not many people would do that, let me tell you."

"I know that; but when I was here last year were talking of sending her abroad and taking upon yourself the whole cost of her education as a musician."

"Yes, yes; I know I did," said Mr. Hyde in a depreciatory tone. "I was perhaps a little over hasty. I was so surprised to find musical talent of any kind in a Surrey village that I perhaps overrated her abilities. Mr. Tring, now—Mr. Tring does not think so very much of her; and really, she has not got on quite as well as we expected. She is very quick tempered and doesn't take reproof very easily. Tring has had a good deal of difficulty with her. I believe; says she is utterly undisciplined and all that sort of thing."

"That is very likely," said Felix; "but I don't know that it affects the matter. I think that at present you—well, (he changed the pronoun carefully, in order to give less offence)—we are doing the girl a great deal more harm than good. We've taken her away from her natural work and cultivated her talent just enough to make her dissatisfied with her surroundings and useless to her friends. What are we to do next?"

"Upon my word, Felix, you talk like a book," said Mr. Hyde, laughing. "Where did you learn all your wisdom? The girl is doing well enough."

"She is not doing well," said Felix shortly, "and she ran away from the Pawsons last night, meaning to go to London," whereupon he gave his uncle a sketch of the incident which had occurred the previous evening, and Mr. Hyde listened with a look of mingled amusement and vexation.

"Confound the girl!" he said at length. "Who would have thought she was such a little spit fire? It's unfortunate, very unfortunate. She has talent, that's certain, but not a very great talent. Tring says, and he's of opinion that it would be sheer waste of money to send her to Germany."

"Then her mind has been unsettled, and her life practically spoiled for nothing?" said Felix, with flashing eyes.

"My dear boy, you must not take things in that tragic way. She is a little unsettled, I admit, but when it is once made clear to her that an artistic career is not her vocation, she will reconcile herself to the life she has to lead, as soon or later, everybody does."

"It is cruel to the girl," said Felix, still vehemently.

"Why," said his uncle in some surprise, "I thought it was you who looked down upon the life of a professional musician. Thought it beneath the dignity of a human being, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"It was not that," said Felix with a flush. "It was only for myself that I did not want it. But this girl has all the ambition which you told me I lacked."

"Ambition, has she?" said Mr. Hyde, thoughtfully. "It is a sad thing when ambition outruns talent."

"I don't believe much in old Tring's opinion," said Felix. "You are a much better judge than he is, and you know you thought her a genius."

The Squire was a little flattered by this tribute to his judgment, and his voice softened as he replied:

"That may be the case. Yes, of course, I have experience, and some of the young people I have thought well of, have turned out extremely well. Perhaps, as you say, I have been too ready to depend on Tring's judgment, but it is a serious thing, Felix, to undertake the whole future of a girl, a girl who has no claim upon us, no claim at all."

"I think that by raising her hopes and taking her away from the life she was leading when you first met her, you have already given her a claim on us," said Felix, "and at any rate, it comes to this, she won't go back to the Pawsons, and she ought not to be allowed to run off to London by herself. What is she to do?"

"I'm sure I can't say," said Mr. Hyde, fidgeting a little. "I'm not responsible, Eh?" catching at look of dissent in Felix's face, "why should I hold myself responsible for anything this girl does?"

"I don't agree with you, sir. I think you are responsible," said Felix with decision.

"If there was a reasonable prospect that she would be successful," said the Squire, "then it would be worth while to do something for her. What would you have me do?"

"Send her to Germany," was Felix's prompt response, "as you gave her to understand you would do."

"Nay, nay. I never promised anything at all," said Mr. Hyde cautiously. "I might consult Tring about her again and see what he will say."

"There's no time to be lost," said Felix. "She says that she will not go back to the Pawsons, and I promised her that she should not be forced to do so."

"What right had you to promise that?" said his uncle sharply.

"I thought that I was acting as your representative, sir."

The dry answer tickled Mr. Hyde's sense of humor. He broke into a hearty laugh and Felix could not help smiling too. From that moment he knew pretty well that the battle was as good as won. He had no compunction in trying to force his uncle to take this burden of Marjory's support. For one thing he had contempt for mere money, which his uncle found in the very young, and also he knew that Mr. Hyde was a rich man, who had often spent more on his caprices than the maintenance of a girl at school in Germany would cost him for the next five or six years. After a little more discussion, Felix received his uncle's permission to go to Marjory and tell her that if she chose to give up her wild scheme of running away to London, arrangements should be made as soon as possible to send her to school either in London or in Germany. The Squire undertook to make matters right with the Pawsons, and Felix hoped to be able to persuade Marjory to go back to her aunt for the short time which must intervene before she could be comfortably settled at school.

He found Marjory leaning over the wooden paling of Mrs. Barber's garden. She was evidently watching him. The day was fine and sunny, with all the freshness which follows a thunder storm. Mrs. Barber's garden was full of tall dahlias and hollyhocks, and Marjory's face was enlivened by quite a bower of greenery.

"Oh, you have come at last," she cried as Felix came down the road which led to the cottage. "Have you any news for me? Do they think I am dead?"

"I haven't seen or heard anything of the Pawsons," said Felix as he came up to her, "but I have seen my uncle and told him how unhappy you were about your relations."

"Why did you tell him anything about me?" said Marjory.

"I had a good reason," said Felix with a quite smile; but he did not give his reason, he only went on to say:

"My uncle wishes me to tell you that if you would like to go on with your music, you shall be sent in the course of the next few days, to a school either in London or at Leipzig. I think he wants to know which of the two you would prefer. That would be better for you than going to a theatre in London, wouldn't it?"

"Would it?" said Marjory. "I am not sure. Then as she caught Felix's grave look, she colored, and stopped herself hastily. "Of course, I didn't mean that it is very, very good of Mr. Hyde. Of course, I know," in a lower voice, "that I don't deserve it."

She looked down and Felix saw the tears on her long eye-lashes. He put his hand upon her slender fingers, which were lying on the garden fence.

"I expect that you will make us all very proud of having had anything to do with you, he said. "You will work hard, and you will like your life there."

"Oh, I shall like it above all things," said Marjory, lifting her eyes with a gleam of hope and joy on her mobile face, "and I shall work hard, you may be sure of that. Oh, how good Mr. Hyde is to me, and how good you have been, too! I shall never be able to thank you enough."

"Don't thank me," said Felix, half lightly, half earnestly. "Don't forget me; that's all I ask."

She looked at him wonderingly, and then blushed a little as she met his eyes, where there was something which she had never seen before.

"Of course I shall not forget you," she said simply. "How could I, when you have been so good to me? It is you who will go away and forget all about me, and when somebody says to you, 'Have you heard that girl, Marjory Moore, play the violin?' you will say, 'Marjory Moore? I think I have heard the name. I wonder what it is that I remember of Marjory Moore?'"

"Indeed," said Felix laughing. "I shall have to be a century old before I forget you, Miss Marjory Moore," and the speech expressed his feelings more truly than he knew.

Three weeks later, Marjory said good-bye to the village of Redwood and to such of her relations as lived therein. The parting with them did not cause her any particular emotion, save that of relief. She had not been asked to return to their cottage again. For two or three days she stayed with Mrs. Barber, and then was taken to the house of a lady in London, a Mrs. Bullen, who received girl boarders, and who undertook to see that she was supplied with an outfit, before she left England. Leipzig was her destined home for the next year, and when she left Redwood it was in the belief that she would never look upon it as her home again. But in this belief she was somewhat mistaken. She was put under the charge of a lady who was traveling in the same direction as herself, but she felt a little lonely when the moment for embarkation came. She had chosen the life that she preferred, and was glad to be leaving England; nevertheless, there was something strange and sad about this departure. 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her," said Felix. "Redwood Hall is not a particularly cheerful place to live in unless it is filled with cheerful people. I think that poor Mrs. Hyde and her adopted daughter, you know will find it a little dull."

"Her adopted daughter!" said Helen, rather strangely. "Do you mean the girl, Marjory Moore?"

"Yes, I mean Marjory Moore," Felix looking straight before him, and there was something in his tone or in his expression, which for the moment startled Helen into the conviction that Felix had a deeper interest in Marjory Moore than he wanted to betray.

(To be Continued.)

The Munro Case.

GRANTLEY, Ont., Aug. 7.—The interest in the case of Mr. Munro, of which mention was made in the despatch from here last week, rapidly increases as his improvement in health progresses. As a wise man should do, Mr. Munro did not say anything about his trial of David's kidney pills for the dropsy, which afflicted him, until he had found that good would result from their use. Now that he has satisfied himself and others of this, beyond the shadow of a doubt, he is loud in his praises of the remedy. In answer to the enquiries that have poured upon him about his health, Mr. Munro answers, "I am better than I have been for three years, and the credit is due to Dodd's kidney pills." His case and others prove that these pills are by all odds, the most wonderful remedy of the age.

A Curse that Came Home.

Farmer Leslie sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content—no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see, the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman attending to his corporeal comfort within the dwelling, was his. The bright girl sewing at an upper window, and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony, were his children. The great barn filled with harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine," was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust, and no quality of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obliquity, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as if he had theague. His rage stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is typical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a de-spotted hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a bite to eat—I am very hungry?"

One would suppose that standing there in the sunlight of his own happiness, Farmer Leslie, the prosperous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"Be off," he said, "or I'll set the dog on you!"

"I will work," began the tramp.

"Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, not such cattle as you."

Ab, it cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He flung the words out with bitterness. "You're right, friend, only—cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow's had a schooling," was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see the humanitarian episode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

No. Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping about from farmhouse to farmhouse, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scold his brother man, and he did not believe in stepping aside to be human. So he put the object out of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasant things.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and as Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners—he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the head of an enemy, he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would. Oh, I could die happy just to see that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot, agonized eyes were fixed now on the splendid barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impatience.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—ha—ha—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked forefinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer sitting now with his back turned did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain

might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face as he saw a boy ride gaily up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One—two—three minutes passed! Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column cut off from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded. Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair.

The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the evil purpose that possessed him changed to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here and there, shrieking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery furnace.

"Let it burn," shouted the farmer, "thank God we are all here."

And at that moment his eye fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near by.

"Alfred!" he shouted, "is he in the house? Where is Alfred?"

A man darted past him and disappeared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attention to him, but ran distractedly about, calling the name of the boy who was the pride of their lives.

Then there was a cry from within, a smothered cry, taken up and re-echoed by those outside as they recognized his voice.

"It is my boy—let me get to him," shouted Farmer Leslie, struggling in the hands of his men, "I will save him or die with him!"

But they could see the shadow of a man who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the smell of fire on his garments, and if the Saviour of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound its long tendrils around him. It put out the light in those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had man a more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and oh! father, you will give him money and clothes, and he shall have my pony, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God I will make a man of him," said the farmer as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's—getting—light," he said. "I—must—get—up."

He tried to rise, but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move.

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's—the—boy, is—he—safe?"

"Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I—saved him—and lost—myself. Perhaps God will know and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my boy's life?"

"No." There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's latest breath drifted with the words: "I would have been a murdered if I had let him die in the flames—that—my—hand—kindled!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Children's Enemy.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this case of disease, Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.



THE LATEST NEW SONG—AFTER THE BALL.

For Mental Depression.

USE HORSFORD'S CALIF. PHOSPHATE.
Dr. J. C. S. Turner, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am very much pleased with it in mental depression from gastric troubles."

Journalistic Caricatures.

It was said of a politician who flourished in New York a quarter of a century ago, that he cared very little what people said or papers printed of him, but that he was exceedingly sensitive to caricature and the ridicule expressed in the illustrated papers of his day.

Comparatively few people seem to realize what a wonderfully effective weapon judiciously managed caricature is. It is almost safe to assert that any needed reform may be brought about more quickly by means of properly handled caricature than in any other way. But to be the most effective, it must be too broad. It should be suggestive rather than aggressive, and must stop short of anything approaching the license that would dis-

gust the observer. The strength of caricature lies in its truthfulness and in the clear way in which it is presented to the eye. Caricature for partisan or personal ends is rarely as successful as when it is enlisted in the cause of some much needed reform, for it is not well understood, and politically it appeals only to a limited number of persons. When it strikes at abuse, something that needs general reform, everybody understands it and everybody appreciates it; then let it be truthful, clear and to the point, and it is an almost irresistible force.

Good caricaturists are few, and the best of them have for the most part been guilty of the most offensive partisanship. They have lost sight not alone of truthfulness but of common decency in their delineations. The young artist who desires to take up this form of illustrating will do well never for one moment to lose sight of the fact that the higher the moral tone of his work the more acceptable it will be and the more effective. The arrows of low caricature fall almost powerless, while the truth brought out in such a way is a keen as a two-edged sword. If more of this sort of journalism were available and its judicious handling were better understood, very many of the abuses that now afflict the human family might be put an end to. That such service, well performed, is appreciated is evident in the case of an English caricaturist who has recently been knighted as a recognition of his talents, and of him it may be said that the strength of his work was its truthfulness; that he was never unreasonably partial to a friend, or unjustly severe to an enemy. He caricatured situations rather than people, bringing in the public characters of the day more as figures in a grouping than as objects for his keenest satire.

It would be well for younger and less experienced artists to learn a lesson from such careers. It would, indeed, be well always to remember that the successful wars are waged, not against persons, but against conditions. An individual has his supporters, he be ever so dishonorable or unjust. A public abuse, while it may benefit a few, does so in a way that makes it difficult for even its most enthusiastic supporters long to sustain it when opposed by honest, keen satire and truthful and trenchant arguments.—*New York Ledger.*

A Good Nerve for Shaving.

A warder, who had been very successful in controlling criminals in more than one penal institution, once had a prisoner confined under his control who said that he would kill him at the first opportunity. The warder said nothing, but the next afternoon, when he had an hour's leisure, sent for the man.

"Bill," let us call him, found the warder stropping his razor.

"Oh, Bill, is that you?" he exclaimed.

"Well, never mind, can you shave?"

The man replied that he had often shaved his companions.

"All right; suppose I see what kind of barber you are."

With that he took a seat in his chair, handed the criminal a razor, and was shaved. Bill went faithfully through his duty, and when he had finished the warder said, "They told me you were watching for a chance to kill me, so I thought I would give you as good a chance as you could ask for; that was all."

Bill slunk sheepishly away, and from thence the warder had no firmer friend than the desperate criminal.

Glad Somebody "Fit"

"Out in California in the early days of the war," said Judge Wallace of San Francisco, in an uptown hotel, "there was a good deal of restlessness and a feverish impatience on the part of the people that something decisive should be done. Public meetings were of frequent occurrence, and oratory was at a premium.

"I shall never forget one of these assemblages, where the speaker of the day was a young fellow from an Eastern college and surcharged with Greek and Latin quotations. He hadn't got very far along with his address when he lugged in an old Roman saw that, freely translated, meant nothing is done except by heroic effort.

"'Nihil fit,' he began, and then repeated the words with great emphasis, 'nihil fit,' but that was as far as he got, for at this point a burly fellow, who wasn't up in the classics, threw his hat into the air and yelled: 'Bully for nihil.' The crowd yelled 'bully for nihil,' and the collegian was too rattled to proceed."—*Washington Post.*

Her Marks of Recognition

"Now, Lisette," said the mistress to her household, "how often have I told you to light the hall lamp at the proper time, else you cannot see who comes in and know whom to announce?"

"Oh! please, ma'am," the girl replied. "I know all the regular visitors, even in the dark. I can tell who they are by certain signs. Alderman F—steps in quite softly, mutters 'Good evening,' and hangs up his waterproof without taking any further notice of me. The doctor says first thing: 'Well, how are you?' and feels my pulse. The music-master whistles a lively tune and gives me a hearty shake of the hand. The curate bows two or three times, because he is short-sighted, and isn't quite sure whom he is addressing. The professor walks in without saying a word, stands a while absorbed in thought, and then gets me to help him off with his top-coat. The surveyor squeezes my hand so hard as to make me scream; and the young lawyer—hum (blushes), he—I can also make out who he is every time."—*Le Petit Meridional.*

A Surprise for the Sovereign-Giver.

The following amusing story is told of an English nobleman recently deceased. The Duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand in his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing

this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his Grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first.

His Grace quietly added another florin, which was capped by another sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly toward his rival, as if he would say, "I think that takes the shine out of you."

Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate, and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket.—*Tit-Bits.*

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

TOOTS.—You are kind, companionable, fond of society, rather bright, discreet, and good-natured, somewhat fond of romance, with gentle and quiet ways, and some taste, love of beauty and a light but firm will.

ERID.—I cannot give you a recipe which I will warrant to prevent your hair from falling out. Perhaps it needs a stimulant, or you yourself are debilitated. La grippe left some of its victims in a very wrecked condition. You are lucky if it only weakened your hair. I have a friend who simply rubbed coal oil well into her scalp twice a week and did wonders for her hair thereby. A very little on the tips of the fingers will rub in. This tonic is not at all oily.

J. M. D.—Tell your best girl you are not a bad sort of a fellow. Somewhat original, energetic and fond of yourself, as well as of her. You have good will power, some ambition, a liking for motion and good times, are able to accommodate yourself to circumstances, discreet in speech, rather off-hand in manner, a little apt to resent and grow hot over a slight, by no means a perfect philosopher, but a good striving boy, able to carry out large-sized ideas if you get a chance.

V. C. J.—Your second letter, with coupon enclosed, furnishes this study, so if you asked any questions in the first I am afraid they must remain unanswered. 2. You are generous, even tempered, of excellent judgment, firm will, some originality and a capacity for much affection. You love beauty, are somewhat impressionable, slightly imaginative and of excellent discretion of speech, hope is fair, and ambition not very strong, honor and candor good; perseverance ought to end in success.

GUY.—You are a very easy-going, witty and prejudiced person, fond of your own way, your own things and your own people; original, affected, inartistic, vivacious, careless in manner but careful in method. If this sounds like a bad character don't believe it. You are probably liked very much by very sensible folk. I am sure you would be nice to know, and a person to be relied upon to do well and kindly, if you were let to do it in precisely your own way. You have a keen sense of humor and are a trifle inconstant, but when you once tackle a scheme you carry it through. An extremely strong character should be yours in spite of the seemingly weak traits I have mentioned. This delineation is made from your second note. The first one is unfortunately destroyed.

HELE OF WIGT.—I am not English, not the least mite, and so I shall not be flattered by your fancy that I am. 2. Your writing shows much charm of manner; tact and general good temper but you are too anxious to make a good impression. It takes away from your naturalness and makes you a trifle self-conscious; you are generous, somewhat imaginative, of a bright but not markedly buoyant nature, truthful, and with high sense of honor, rather independent and capable of some tenderness of thought and originality; a very strong love of beauty and somewhat refined taste are yours. 3. I have read Robert Elmore and found it very interesting and uncomfortable. I revel in the misunderstanding of lovers, but like to have married folks of one mind in the house. I don't see at all why your clergyman should go for you for having read it, nor why you should care if he did.

CARLE.—A very hopeful, slightly ambitious and amiable person, with impulse and energy, desire for praise, sympathy and some intuitive perception. I don't find you stupid, and pleasant people are never uninteresting. The reason you make ridiculous mistakes and forget things is that you lack method and discipline. I am anxious to know if you succeeded in passing. Won't you write and let me know? 2. I don't at all agree with the saying you quote, "Distrust the man who can't look you in the face and the woman who can't." It is antediluvian rubbish. Some of the greatest racials have a guileless and innocent stare, and generally an upright and dignified woman likes to study the face of the person she converses with. I don't know anything more flattering than the face-to-face look of a graceful and interested woman, in its utter unconsciousness and observation.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—I'm sorry your nice letter was so long unopened. I cannot place the mutual friend who has told you of me. Even in your far-off home I have more than one proud old crony. I hope some day to go up there and see the beauties of mountain and forest. 1. Your writing shows persistent effort, sequence of ideas, some frankness but general discretion, a rather practical and not markedly vivacious tone. Your will is too easily influenced for great individuality. I think I see traces of youth and inexperience in your lines? You're not very ancient, are you? Don't develop temper if you can help it. You have enough ambition and character to make a fine success of life, if you do yourself justice. Cultivate the grace of hope, and charity to your associates, and believe that someone else may be right, though it should prove you wrong. Thanks for your good wishes. They were realized, for I was home for the holidays.

PORTIA.—1. Refinement, care for detail, good sequence of

ideas, excellent self-control, and a will which should be firm and affection constant. You have plenty of practical good sense and some perception, tact and power of influencing others is shown. 2. In your case, I cannot see why you should give up the young man, if you and he understand each other and are fond enough of one another to wait. I know several couples who are living contentedly on the sum you mention. Of course they live very, very quietly, and have given up everything for the happiness of each other's society. You can afford, at your age, to wait four years. (Doesn't it seem an age?) Why don't you make up your mind to it, and then try and learn to do something which will be a help. Certainly a man could be true to a woman for four years. I think better of men than to doubt it. And even if after four years of waiting and working you don't get just what you long for, the four years will do you lots more good than you will realize for years. Lots more good than a doubting, selfish separation. Don't have a poor opinion of men. They're not as all bad!

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because it makes fat and gives strength. It is beneficial for

SICKLY CHILDREN

because they can assimilate it when they cannot ordinary food. It is beneficial for

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because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body and overcomes the difficulty.

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"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

The Story of an Hour.

It is grey dawn of autumn morning; all the city lies quiet; the figures which have flitted from shadow to shadow, soiled lilies of the night, are gone. The sound of revelry in the fashionable West End houses is hushed. Here and there a faint rumble of wheels takes a traveler to his home or his train. In half an hour more the costers carts, the milk wagons, the hundred odd city noises will wake. But just now everything is in a temporary lull. A door opens, and a woman steps quickly out into the silent street. She has on the plain blue gown, the quaint bonnet, the red band of the Salvation Corps; she has sat all night beside a fading, dying child, and she takes one long breath of the fresh air, to clear her lungs of the close odours of the grimy sickroom. She is young and strong, and on her face is a curious look, a brightness. Her lips move softly in a prayer, and a smile hovers round them, as she steps lightly and swiftly along. Such a good face, such a beautiful face, with delicate arched brows, long lashes, straight nose and tender, sensitive lips. A trifle pale from watching, but with a certain look of buoyancy and health of happy contentment. As she flits through a dark passage she nearly falls over a man and a woman who are crouched in a small recess. The woman curses her. She stops and says quietly, in tones of exquisite sweetness and sympathy, "God bless and save you, my sister."

The man turns sharply at the sound of her voice, but she is gone.

"Alice, by thunder!" he gasps, and darts after her, followed by the loathsome woman still cursing.

She and they go on and on like three shades in the gray dawn. The woman in front in her quaint bonnet, with her light tread keeping well ahead, unconscious of her pursuers. Presently she stops and takes a latch-key from her pocket, also a tiny bottle of chloroform which she had brought away for fear of accidents to her patients.

"I must go very gently," she said smiling, "not to wake my dear. He has had a long day yesterday, and will need his sleep!"

A tiny wedding ring flashes on her left hand as she stands feeling with her finger for the keyhole, and smiling and whispering "God bless him, God bless him, my good man!" Suddenly a grimy hand comes out of the dusk and catches that groping finger, and a hoarse breathless voice says:

"So my wench, I've tread ye at last!"

The woman leaps back, her eyes starting, her face peering.

"Who, what!" she gasps, and then suddenly "Oh, my God!"

"Eh?" says the breathless voice "Don't ye know me, yer man? What yer doin' in them holiness togs! Do you live 'ere!"

Still no word from the woman, but by a sudden twist she gets her hand free and puts it behind her.

"Ain't glad to see me, Alice? Come, speak up, woman."

Slowly she finds her voice, "I thought you were killed in the accident."

"No such luck," says the breathless voice harshly. "Ere I am, a poor devil needing 'is woman to take care on 'im. Come, open the door, and let's go in."

"You cannot come in here. It is the army lodging, and only the soldiers are allowed in," she says, in a low voice.

"Blow me, but you're prettier than ever," said the man, heartily. "Well, we'll go elsewhere. I am not agoin' ter lose ye, now I've found ye, my wench!"

"I must go in. I've been nursing all night, and am tired. Come here at noon time and you can tell me your plans."

"What if ye ain't 'ere!"

"I will be here. Did you ever know me to lie?"

"Bust me if I did. You're a straight 'un! Noon be it then. Say, Alice, if I warn't so slouchy I'd ask ye to kiss me!"

"At noon," she said slowly, turning the key in the lock and flitting suddenly in.

The man took down the number and the street on a dirty card, and then turning fiercely to the waiting mumbling creature in the street, threw her a shilling and bade her begone. The hall was dark, but Alice slipped noiselessly along, up the uncarpeted spotless stairs, and softly opened a numbered door where a faint glimmer of light came from the low turned gas jet; a daintily neat room, a few pretty pictures on the wall, a white cover on the stand, a bible open on it, and on the table a slip of paper, with three words written in a fair clerkly hand: "Goodnight, dear wife." Alice gently turned on the gas, adjusting the shade so that the light fell but dimly on the snowy expanse of the bed where a man lay sleeping soundly.

Ah, how changed she was in the growing

light, this Alice who five short minutes ago stood at the closed door, fumbling and smiling and whispering. Her eyes were staring aghast at the cruel trick Fate had played her. Her face was wan and haggard with a voiceless agony. Her brow had three horizontal furrows as she strained her brain to realize all the last five minutes had done. She sat noiselessly down and looked at the figure on the bed, a spare, delicate creature, with straggling fair hair, scant moustache, thin limbs and attenuated features. She thought back, of the night he had found her, desperate from famine, reckless from loneliness, on her first midnight plunge into the city's foul ways, how she had dared to address him, and how he had said quickly, "Come, you are hungry, come and eat and drink." And starving, famished, frozen, she had followed him, not caring why or whither. How he had given her warm milk, and from somewhere a shrouding cloak, and then meat and bread and more warm milk, and how, when her senses returned, she had shrunk in horror at her wickedness. How he had gently said, "I don't believe you are bad, only friendless, my girl. Come, I will find you another girl, my sister, at our home." How she had refused, confessed, and only found for reply his gentle invitation, "Come to my sister, you will feel safe with her!" How she had gone, and how safe they had kept her, until her saviour had asked her to be his wife. Then, of the few sweet weeks since, while they two, in the garb of the Salvation corps had worked and fought for those desperate poor of London; of the joy of being together; of the blessed self-denial of separation, as on this night, when one nursed and prayed and the other went, as of old, into those reeking, wicked streets of east London, and saved one here and there in the same plight as had once been hers. She had not been able to do enough, to love enough, to whisper enough her gratitude and her praise, as she sped here and there, strong, happy, beautiful. And now, oh Christ! what could she do—now that the terrible wheel had turned to her undoing? She knew she could not stay here, here with this revered creature, who was not any more her husband—whose child already quick within her, was nameless, whose great heart and puny body had taken her to them with love that was pure, and boundless, but who would shrink from the touch of her hand did he know what had happened ten minutes ago! Her brain reeled, she pressed her hands upon her temples, a sudden faintness seized her; then she sat up, her hand closed, and in it was the tiny bottle she had brought for fear of mischief from the sick child's bedside. A sudden thought broke through the chaos of her mind: sudden, mad and senseless, but she was in pitiless straits. Slowly she uncorked the tiny phial and slowly swallowed the colorless contents—then with a slow step and deliberate motion she took off her clothes, drew on her plain white nightgown, turned out the light and laid down beside the sleeping man. He stirred, groped for her, threw one arm over her and faintly pressed her. She lay still, it was all she could do to spare him. She did not pray, all her thoughts were concentrated on lying quite still. She never moved again. G. E. D.

Why She Didn't Die.

The Tale of a Thrilling Rescue in an Editor's Highly Upheld Office.

Dramatic Personae: The Editor. The Author. The Heroine.

Editor—Let's hear something about the plot of your story, old man. What style is it?

Author—Well—oh—ah—it's about a girl. Editor—Exactly; you fellows wouldn't write a story about the sex you have some chance of understanding—not for a dollar.

Author—Yes; I think I see myself wasting deep blue eyes and trailing purple velvet upon a hero. There's nothing exciting about a man. The girl is pretty. (Pauses.) Now, say they generally are, and then I'll go on.

Editor (cynically)—They generally are not, out of books.

Author—Well, this one's in a book, and she is very pretty indeed—tall and slim, with deep violet eyes.

Editor—Ever see violet eyes?

Author—No; what on earth are you talking about? She has two lovers, and the one she is gone on leaves suddenly, without any particular reason, and the other—the villain—gets in a few blandishments.

Editor (thoughtfully)—Of course; one cannot expect much originality from present day writers.

Author—Eh? What did you say? Oh, originality? Pahaw, no. What for? The public hasn't time to understand it. Besides, the fellow that first invented the lover and the villain and the beautiful heroine knew what he was about. Glad he didn't get a patent on it. Well, the heroine refuses him, courteously and gently; she isn't on to him, you know; hasn't seen his hand.

Editor—Better have her on to him without seeing his hand. That's a neater sort of heroine. Fine feminine instinct. Ruskin sort of thing, you know.

Author—Ah, she's too high minded to understand trickery, too innocent.

Editor—How old is she—sixteen?

Author—No, twenty something, I guess. I didn't ask her.

Editor—Twenty something, and in a modern novel; and doesn't spot the villain on sight? The reviewers will call her a fool.

Author—They'd call me a blamed sight bigger one if I let her see through the villain and write to the hero to come back and spoil my plot at the very start. No, thank you. She's unusually unsuspicious, if you like. She lives with the villain's mother, a placid old lady with angelic white hair and old-fashioned rings, who wants the heroine for a daughter-in-law, and hasn't half as much conscience as her son.

Editor—Been done before.

Author—So I believe. It'll continue to be done if I live. I needn't trouble you with the details, but the villain produces proofs of hero's marriage to someone else. Heroine says villain is as many kinds of prevaricator as her polite education permits her to know of, in two pages of refined Billings-

gate, and then the villain and his mother know it's no use while hero lives.

Editor—The girl shouldn't have shown her hand. Why didn't she profess to believe the yarn, and then light out between two days?

Author—Didn't know enough. But when the mother, some days later, called her "dear" and told her the hero was coming home in a few days—which she already knew through a smuggled letter—she had learned wisdom, and, having overheard the tail of a conversation between villain and his ma, she concluded to guard the hero's pathway home if she could.

There was a servant round the place who was a foster-brother of the hero—he's the man who smuggled her letters—and she told him to wait for her with horses at a certain place well out of sight of the house at five o'clock on the day the hero was coming. Foster-brother said "Yes, m'ss," without showing any curiosity, and heroine, after watching villain set off to meet her at the loneliest point in the road, slid out of the house, and joining the foster-brother, galloped off to the rescue with two revolvers under her cloak.

Editor—Great Scott!

Author—Well, I'll make it only one, if you like. It was a long ride and the moon was rising when she reached the rendezvous. She dismounted, sent the foster-brother some distance into the wood with the horses and hid behind a tree with her revolver in her hand waiting for the procession.

Editor—Who taught her to shoot?

Author—Don't know. I didn't. Villain, probably—ah, that's not a bad idea. [Makes memorandum in note book. Editor groaned.] The villain has taken a longer road, so she's on the spot ahead of him, and is just beginning to hope that he'll be too late, and that she'll be able to meet her hero and ride home with him, so that if villain meets them riding together he'll not dare draw his shooting-iron, and she begins to remember how the hero looked when he went away, and she feels for the lockets he gave her—pathetic little paragraph—and then the villain rides up. She reflects that it would be difficult to convince a jury that it was self-defence if she shot him now, and he dismounts and gets behind a rock on the opposite side of the road. Ten seconds later hero comes along, slowly, on a tired horse. Villain's head rises above rock, heroine steps out from behind tree, with revolver levelled at him, thus diverting his attention from the hero, and changing the direction of his aim. Both shots ring out at once, before hero has time to ask where he comes in, and he dismounts to find the heroine lying prone, her white fearless face half-hidden in the grass, and her true breast pierced by the bullet meant for her lover.

Editor—Exactly; you have a cheerful imagination.

Author—Oh, hold up. The villain, though wounded, discharges another shot at the hero as he bends over the girl, and the foster-brother watching unseen, turns his horse and rides hard for the nearest magistrate.

Editor—That's the end? How far have you written?

Author—Oh, just got the girl started on her ride.

Editor—Very well, then, you just change the direction of those bullets, and shy them all into the villain.

Author—But, my dear fellow, you'd spoil my story.

Editor—Not much. Do you suppose my readers want any lovely corpse, with her true breast fuller of bullets than lungs, lying on the grass in the last chapter? [Here he opens the door in answer to a gentle knock, and the heroine comes in. He places a chair for her.]

Heroine—You were discussing me, I believe! I would much rather die, you know, when Oscar's dead.

Author (testily)—My dear child, you haven't any head for chronology. Oscar dies at least thirty seconds after you do.

Editor (soothingly)—Never you mind, dear Oscar's not going to die at all.

Heroine (radiantly)—Oh, in that case I should like to live.

Author—Ungrateful girl; when I'd give you the most elegant death scene I could build.

Editor—No, you make it as I say, and let the villain wear the bullets in his lungs.

Author (sulkily)—I won't; it's my story.

Editor—I tell you she must not die; you'd ruin my circulation.

Author (diplomatically)—No, hers.

Heroine (apprehensively)—He's made a pun; he'll commit any crime now!

Editor—No, he won't, dear.

Author (seizing a pen)—By heaven, she shall die!

Heroine—Save me, Oscar!

Editor—Hold on, there; my front name's not Oscar. (To author): Are you resolved?

Author—I am.

Editor—Beware! Harm this gentle lady, etc., etc., and I'll review your next book of poems so that your friends won't dare to speak to you about it.

Author (hastily)—Oh, never mind, then; I'll fix it to suit you. (Takes a pen and writes a description of the lovely ride home through the moonlight the hero and heroine have, the villain having been thrown from his horse and killed before he had gone fifty rods from the house.)

Editor and Heroine (graciously)—Thank you.

Author—Never mind. When I've got the public into such a frame of mind that a no-book page of description, written on my knee in a street-car, will be called exquisite and thoughtful—then I'll kill all the heroines I meet and make the villain a millionaire.

Heroine—Oh, well, I don't care; I'll be represented by a moss-covered tombstone by that time.

Toronto, August 6 K. L. JOHNSTON.

The Voice of the Hill.

LEEN had lost her parents years ago. All that she had in the world to care for was her brother. She had clothed him, played with him, worked for him, until love of him filled her life.

Nature had constructed her with an unbeautiful body, but had given her an intense soul. She was plain and unattractive externally; no stranger gave her a second glance, but the boy loved her and his love sufficed.

As he grew older her one dread was of the

day when some other woman would be first with him.

At last it came. A dart from the eye of a siren entered the young man's heart. He did not make his sister his confidante. It was the first time he had not. She went to sleep with tears in her eyes.

She tried to love this girl but she could not. She hated her—hated her because her brother now took his favorite books to her; made her bouquets; talked over his business with her; loved best to spend his evenings with her. She hated, and so bitterness filled her heart.

One day her brother came bounding home with a smile on his lips and light in his eyes for her, and they walked out together. She leaned on his arm and heard his plans as of yore. She told herself that the other had been a dream. She believed the evil day was stayed off. She was happy again.

But a month later the black cloud that had seemed to be dispelled, settled over her with a darker face than ever. He was to be married.

She came upon them one evening, arms encircling each other, and faces full of love. Her brother called to her: "Come, Ellen, you must share our joy." But she turned away.

A passionate sorrow was scorching her heart. Her one dear possession had gone from her to a woman whose life was replete with beauty and sunshine. "To him that hath shall be given," was her bitter cry.

She walked out to the old hill near by, on whose generous breast she had sobbed out her griefs as a child. She threw herself down and wept.

A voice from the heart of the old hill whispered to her the story of the brotherhood of man. Her soul was widened and illumined, and out of the old love for one grew and blossomed a love for all. And then her life was filled with peace. EDITH M. LUKE.

Art in Winnipeg.

At the art exhibit of the Industrial Fair of Winnipeg it was noticeable that much of the best amateur work was done by students of the Ontario School of Art of Toronto. Miss Van Eten and Miss Maude Moore show work that would not discredit the studios of Bond street or the ateliers of the Rue de la Paix. Their drawing lacks that tendency to littleness that characterizes much of the amateur contributions, being free and vigorous. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibit so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. Doubtless they felt the danger of their lack of knowledge in anatomy, and light and shade being discovered. In one or two other departments demanding exactitude of knowledge they pursued the safe course of non-committal. Little more deserving of mention is to be found on the professional side. In a few classes prizes were not awarded, pending proofs of originality, and for other reasons. If the professionals were afraid to attempt work in black and white the same cannot be said of the amateurs. Four striking studies in charcoal, immediately to the right of the entrance, at once fixed the attention. Though somewhat rubbed in transit, they are still excellent examples of what charcoal should be. All the prizes in this section were given to students of the Central Ontario School of Art.

Colored Mortality.

A colored party named Jake was very late a few days ago in getting down to the store. His employer, Mr. Allspice, rebuked Jake in somewhat severe language.

"I want you to understand that this trifling will never do. If you can't get down to your work in time, I'll hire somebody who can."

"Boss, don't be hard on me," and the negro's eyes filled with tears.

"Why, what's the matter with you? Anybody sick?"

"Sick! I don't know which am gwinter die fust, my wife or my old mudder."

"I am sorry that I spoke so harshly as that. I didn't know it was as bad as that. We won't need you about the store to-day."

"Thank you, boss. Thank you kindly," and off he went.

Next morning Mr. Allspice asked Jake what he meant by saying that his wife and mother were dying, when he had seen both on the street the day before.

"Dyin'!" exclaimed Jake, opening his mouth wide enough to admit a coffee mill being thrown into it, and elevating his eyebrows in amazement.

"Yes, dying. You said they were dying, and half an hour after your left you wife came here to see if you had drawn your wages for last month."

"I nebbber said dey was dying. Ef you was ter see de way dey opens darn mounds and taken in chunks of bacon, you wouldn't spec' dem ob dying. I believe I did say I didn't know which of 'em was gwinter die fust, and I don't know dat yet; deys bofe got sich good appetites—I knows one ob dem got ter die, fust, but—"

Here Mr. Allspice interrupted the orator with an ax halve, and the business relations theretofore existing between them have been severed.

Fisherman's Luck.

Roger, aged six, had been fishing with his father the day before, and a friend of the family asked him what luck they had had.

"Well," he replied, "we didn't have very good luck. The first place we went to the man wasn't home and the other two places the man said he hadn't more'n enough for his own family."

Roseola McGrogan at a Summer Resort.

HER DISCIPLES HER ADVENTURES THREATEN TO COULDN' HULLY. For Saturday Night.

We made up a party, Hully, (though with misgivin's great) To see a summer hotel, thet's ban fash'nabl of late. Thar was me and Deacon Badger (a man (s I admired) An' Mr. Bobbail Trotter, a sport (s I had retired); An' sorter chuckled the race-course, bein' convicted of his sin,

An' was noted for his knowledge of the church's docterin. Thar was young sister Badgely, and Mr. Ezra Burr, An' our presbiter Miss Wobbler, the temp'rance lecturer, An' Mr. Cocktail Bor ser, who used to drink a heap; An' whose langwidg when upon a toot would make a tin dog weep,

But now 'xhoris most faithful under Miss Wobbler's eye, And only breaks out now and then, when tempted with old rye.

We arrived before the hour of noon, an' all the beauteous scene, The flap-a-doppin' all around, the lake so brite and green, Bush on my enraptured g's, likewise the giddy throng Of fash'nabl worldlings; an' sports both short an' long.

Thar was rafe of pretty women, in scrumptious clothes and blouses, Leavin' confusin' on the arms of chairs in flannel trousers, Chiefly flirtin' most outrageous, settin' round 'neath rocks an' bushes,

Till me an' Miss Wobbler was red as beets with blushes. I see myself a married man, what's quite a feature here, Who resembles (to a casual glance, a walkin' keg of beer: Strollin' round with a stout woman, who was dressed up to kill,

An' handin' her with frifule toll up every sandy hill, While all around gozed calm-like on these perocedins' rash, An' one sp'rit ez 'another, 'I guess that's a mash, But the cocklin' of them worldlings, an' their playin' games of pool,

An' the blowin' of lunk-headed boys as orter ben at school, About their var'us "mashes" and the "jags" they'd got on,

Made me feel as if my principles an' interlocks was gone, So I went with Deacon Badger for a walk along the shore; To sorter muse and ponder on the billows oabin's core. This lonesome heart kept fustlerin', as I felt the good man's gaze,

Go through me like a gimlet, an' his dere carcerin' ways, Till, havin' reached the shelter of sum umbrageous tree, His arm stole round my waste, with a chaste an' pious squeeze,

And in a deep, low bubble voice, like cider from a jug, He wooed me for his blushtin' bride, with many a lovin' bug, And in less than ten short minutes I'd agreed to be his spouse,

Likewise to rise at four o'clock, an' help him milk the cows, We heeded not their worldings, as we walked home to tea, With his arm a circlin' round me like a vine about a tree, Tho' I hear one bold faced piece say with a gall surpisein' To the feller walkin' with her "Thee's really tallisin'."

But we found the bafele innoence of that gay and sinful place, He'd caused our dere companions to sorter fall from grace, Bocer we found a sleepin' beneath a cedar tree, With a demijohn besides him, ez call as he cud be,

Bobbail Trotter'd struck sum sports, an' men of many sins, An' was playin' for the drinks, at a game they call "ten pins."

Sister Badgely had ben kissed by a feller near the lake, Who sed he took her for his gal, an' done it by mistake. Miss Wobbler had ben tempted to run down a sandy hill, Hand in hand with a young feller, an' had got a frifule spill,

Which caused the voice of scandal to ecker day and an' nite, For various sinful skiffers asserted she was tite. So when we bitched the horses, and left thet sinful spot, Only me an' my own Deacon was contented with our lot.

REINHOLD G. URELY.

The Cave of Shadows.

For Saturday Night.

There is a lonely cave, Hard by a silent lake, Deep in the gloom;

Dark as the serpent's lair, Clothed round with deadly vines; Clinging like death.

Darkness and solitude Stalk in the noonday hour 'E'en as at eve,

Black looms the shadows grim, Vampires and owlets fly, Flit through the gloom.

Far from the haunt of man, Far from the coming sun, Hiding from day,

Haunted by spirits cold, Freed from chaotic worlds; Crouching in gloom.

Stained with the swirl of rain, Tossed from a frowning sky At midnight hour;

Blackened with curses deep Torn from the stricken ones— Deep-mouthed it looms.

Far back the cavern runs; Deep in the sodden earth, Mouldering with graves,

Yawns wide the vast extent, Guarded by imps and forms Withling with pain.

Here, in the luminous Light from the creeping flames, Dance all the horrid shapes, Sorrow and woe;

Forth from their dark retreat, Driven from the mortal sounds, Sweet to their ears.

Low, and tremulous, Far thro' the cavern rolls 'E'en to the end,

Weird and ghostly songs, Harsh, wild and awful tones— Rolling on high, and down, Thus to the end of time,

Shall the sad echoes ring, Beat on the ear; Loud will the slight wind sigh, Ever the shadows cling To the sad spot.

B. KEMLEY.

Between You and Me.

AMONG the enjoyments which stay-at-homes delight in there is nothing more delightful than the impromptu parties given by the grass widower. He only asks the prettiest girls, the sly scamp, and the cleverest and nicest men. They all come, for they love to disport themselves round the grass widower's house while the mistress of the premises is abroad. There is a certain flavor in the hospitality of the grass widower that outdoes in pliancy the triumphs of entertaining *chef d'oeuvre*. Every woman feels a little sister run over her as she lounges in the favorite *fauteuil* of the absentee, and says to herself, "Oh, if she could just pop in on us." The men are hilarious over the independence of the grass widower. He squanders twenty-five-centers on them, he suggests a carpet dance, he manipulates a perfume fountain and pulls the tail of the disapproving house cat. He is a reckless, hospitable and generally terrible fellow is the grass widower while the company stays. They bid him good night in the small hours, with impressive approbation and becoming gratitude. Then he goes into the topsy-turvy drawing-room, kicks the house cat out of the window and piles the dishes and glasses and silver in the kitchen sink. In the morning he turns the hose on them and smears them dry with the damask dinner napkins.

"There are moments when I want to be alone," says the song. One of these moments is when your pneumatic tire bursts. You could gladly dispense with the company of the irrepressible small boy, who pokes the flattened tire, squats down and looks under the saddle, and then says: "That's a bust, any how!" You could also dispense with the fussy old gentleman, who comes trotting up with his spectacles set on crooked, and his hat on the back of his head, and addresses you with a "Why, why! Well, well! too bad. How did this happen? Trolley strike you? Dear, dear, dear!" He's dear at half price, and you feel rather like telling him so. The dude who tries to take your machine from you, with a glittering smile, and an "Allow me, Lady Gay," is worse than either of them, and gets his bitters promptly, and ambles away, thinking himself a very badly treated but forgiving victim. By this time you are the center of a gaping crowd who say all sorts of things to and at you. They want to know if you're injured, who you knocked down; was there a shot first; have they caught the man; until a couple of trolleys chase them off the middle of the road. Then there comes a policeman who ignores you and your wheel, and addressing the crowd fiercely, tells them to go about their business. You love that policeman, at least I mean I do, for the way he scatters them, and never even looks at you. He knows you and you know him, the handsomest Irishman "on the force."

When you read this paragraph, dear paper friends, Lady Gay will be doing her best to take in the World's Fair and circumnavigate the Windy City on a Columbia bicycle. It will doubtless be hot, and one will lose several pounds in weight, but wheelmen and women seem to defy the meanest weather. The dear Irish friends from Dublin, with whom I rode many merry miles last summer, will be there, and for three days at least the World's Fair won't entice us very much. Some one has been rating me for going back to Chicago for my holidays when Muskoka and Niagara are so tempting. Well, I like a city and I love a crowd, and I don't care for the country unless I am practically alone and can let it's sweet influence have full sway. You don't get nature very pure and strong at the summer hotel; as for camping—no, thank you! I am not a Samanthly Allen, but the untidiness and barrenness of camp life make me cross. I have a feast of good things before me as you read—beautiful music, enchanting exhibits and the ceaseless pulse of the sea of humanity about me—that mysterious, awful, beautiful sea of folk who look, pass by and are gone, but who, in their passing, rouse your soul to sit up and look once more after them. There is a German flower girl with her baby (poor fruit of Innocence and uncomprehending love preyed upon). I shall go each morning for my carnation nosegay from her. There are girls whom I made friends with in shops—ladies, rich and lovely, whose sweet hospitality has this year broken the record before a grateful and astonished world, quiet business men, kind and thoughtful that one should be pleased and amused in one's favorite way. Certain worthy cyclists who say little and pedal fast, a whole barrow full of friends, and a collection from the world's four corners of artistic and lovely work, housed in Greek palaces on the edge of a sparkling lake, and threaded with pretty waterways, where one can float as in a dream. What could offer me a fairer holiday than the Western Babylon, with its wonderful magic city, fifteen minutes' ride away, on its southern margin.

A few days ago I read a little paragraph in a down east newspaper about a lady president who was quoted as a great authority on some latter day subject of interest to women. A little thinking fitted the name to a very old school mate, who was one of the few persons the juvenile Lady Gay regarded with any degree of respect. The paragraph said "Mrs., but I knew she had married a man of the same name as her own, and on the impulse of the moment I sent her a scrood, brief, vague and challenging identification for Mr. Gay was to the lady president, quite an unknown quantity. I signed the old school name, posted the letter and immediately forgot all about it. To-day I got an answer from a young lady, the daughter of the lady president, and I have been enjoying a very pleasant sensation ever since, for the young lady actually knows me quite well, and her mama (in the intervals of presiding) had frequently regaled her with tarradiddles of the doings of herself and Lady Gay. In one black moment of horror I recalled some of them, and then decided that the lady president wouldn't have so far risked the reverence of her young lady daughter as to recount them, even after a quarter of a century had dulled their luster. But that pretty letter has pleased me greatly, and I feel that my friend has done her duty by me in bringing up a daughter to know me quite well and to send me this sweet assurance of it. God bless the lady president and send her speedy relief from the pain and weakness which now disables her.

LADY GAY.



A scindler from the north and broke the stem of my bright red rose and it faded and fell. But the little frail lily that bloomed in the shelter of the rose tree was left.

It was half-past ten when a friend and I reached the corner of Queen and Yonge streets. There were very few people to be seen, for such cold weather was not looked for in October, and people were not suitably dressed for it. A six feet two policeman stood at the corner, and behind him, leaning against the door of a store, were two little urchins about five and seven years of age. They were very poorly dressed and both looked cold. The older one wore a navy blue velvet cap, from which he had received his name. And the velvet cap, trimmed with gold braid, was the envy of all other newsboys in Toronto. Nature had kindly protected the younger one's head by a covering of thick, curly, golden hair, in which lay buried, almost out of sight, the crown of an old straw hat.

"There, now, Curlie Pearlle, quit yer cryin'! See! I'll act monkey for yo." And Velvet Cap went through a performance much more suited to a monkey than a boy, while Curlie Pearlle shivered and cried and laughed all at the same time, catching repeatedly the bundle of papers that was slipping from under her arm. But the monkey show did more for Velvet Cap than for his little sweetheart, for it warmed his hands and feet and brought a bright color to his cheeks.

Like all other plays, there was a "between the acts" in Velvet Cap's performance. At the close of the first act I went to Curlie Pearlle and asked her what was the matter. This occasioned an outburst of grief, but Velvet Cap came to the little girl's relief, and said: "It's both cold and hungry she is, ma'am, but most of all sleepy, an' she won't never go off to bed until she's sold her twenty-two papers. Then the number we're 'greed to sell when we started out together. But Curlie Pearlle needn't do it, ma'am!"

It was the work of only a moment to assure Curlie Pearlle that she would soon be in bed. My small change would not buy all of her papers. Four were left; but Velvet Cap bought those saying:

"I often hev ter do it, ma'am, fur to get her to get to sleep at all."

I have seen lillies grow in turbid streams; I have seen stars sparkling in a dark sky; I have seen the pearl in the oyster. Of all these I was reminded as I looked into Curlie Pearlle's face and then at her ragged and scanty clothing. The features of her pale face were delicate and clearly outlined; her eyes were large and blue, and her forehead was high with blue-veined temples. Everyone called her "Curlie," because her golden curls could be seen almost as far as the little figure itself. The name "Pearlle," however, was given her by Velvet Cap. "Strange," he used to say, "that nobody ever noticed them teeth before; just like pearls fur all the world!"

Velvet Cap was a handsome boy, rugged and rosy, with brown eyes and a heavy figure. He had a bright face, but many awkward move-

ments acquired, probably, from "acting monkey" so much of the time, for that was the only way he could keep Curlie Pearlle awake after eight or nine o'clock in the evening. A lame leg also troubled him. Velvet Cap had already won for himself quite a reputation. He had appeared in court twice for stealing bread for Curlie Pearlle. He had been shaken by a policeman for very irreverently kicking a preacher who had hurt his

little sweetheart with his walking stick, "intending only to move the child aside, you know." He had separated fighting boys four different times, and had twice given the alarm when fire had broken out on Bay street. Velvet cap had also made himself famous for his devotion to Curlie Pearlle. This devotion dated from the day he first met her. Early in August, Tommy Slight decided to take a holiday. "I feel as if I'd drop dead," he said, "unless I can get a breath o' fresh air, an' roll over on some green grass." So he took a Queen street east car, and went away over the Don. He could have found more beautiful spots in the very heart of the city.

"But," he said, counting his pennies, "it won't be a holiday unless it costs something." Tommy found the spot he wanted. A heavy rain had fallen two days before and the grass was looking its best. How cool and soft it felt to his hot, dusty feet. "It's nicer 'an a queen's carpet," he said, laying his chubby hand upon it.

And there he rolled to his heart's content, or whistled with blades of grass between his hands, or decorated his fingers and toes with bits from Nature's verdant dress.

Lying face downwards, with his elbows buried in the grass and supporting his chin with his hands, he sang:

"Comrades, comrades,
Ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows,
Sharing each other's joys."

Curlie did not hear Tommy's voice to the best possible advantage as she stood a short distance behind him, for much of its sweetness was lost because of the extreme earnestness of the singer. Still, the music went to the little girl's heart, and she crept closer to him hoping to hear more. The sound of her step aroused him. He looked into the child's face and smiled so brightly that Curlie turned towards him, as a flower turns to the sun. Seating herself upon the grass beside him she said, "That was an awful purty piece you was singin'."

"Shall I sing it over again?" he asked, with a pardonable flutter of his heart that was too large for his little body under even ordinary circumstances.

The second musical performance was in every way superior to the first. Perhaps the spirit of the little girl was nearer the singer than had been the spirit of the universe to which he first sang. Certainly his voice was lower and sweeter, and he repeatedly glanced at the earnest face beside him as if in search of some mark of appreciation.

At the close of the song Curlie said:

"I never heard such nice singin' before. What's your name?"

"Tommy Slight. What's yours?"

"Curlie."

"Curlie what?"

"Curlie. That's all."

"What's your folk's name?"

"I ain't got no folks."

"Where do you live?"

"On the street all day, beggin'." See! I've got this basket full. An' I sleep under her bed nights."



"It's both cold and hungry she is, ma'am."

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"Under who's bed?"

"Her's where I live. An' she beats me if my basket ain't full when I go home."

"Beats you? If it wasn't for them rags you'd look purty near like a flower. Ain't she your mother?"

"No! She says I don't belong to her no way. An' I wish I didn't belong to her as much as I do."

Here Curlie burst into tears, and Tommy

Woman's Recklessness.



"Oh, the tide's getting high—what shall we ever do? It will be at our feet in a minute or two! Oh, why did we ever come waiting out here. To be put in this awful dilemma? Oh, dear!"

"We are each, like Andromeda, chained to the rock by the big, cruel billows that high round us flog; I wish that man would, a Perseus, fly, just to bear us ashore where it's bright high and dry."

Soon old Perseus dropped, and he bowed them ashore in his big brawny arms through the billows' wild roar.

And they said, as they looked from the beach at the rock, "We'll be there to-morrow—at sharp ten o'clock."—Puck.

sprang to his feet and said excitedly: "You ain't goin' to belong to her any more, Curlie. You'll belong to me. We'll sell papers together, an' you'll sleep at the News Girl's Home just like I sleep at the News Boys' Home. Nobody'll beat you there. Will you belong to me, Curlie?"

"Oh, yes! Won't it be nice? What'll you be? My brother?"

"Now! I'll be your—your—your—well, we'll be comrades, Curlie."

"Oh, yes, comrades. That's what you sing about."

And Curlie slipped her hand along on the grass towards Tommy's feet. Then Tommy sat down, took her hand, turned it over, examined the fingers and the little white wrist, then sang as if to himself:

"Sharing each other's sorrows,
Sharing each other's joys."

That moment the sun rose in Curlie's sky.

"I guess I feel somethin' like the birds do when they sing all the time," she said to Tommy, as they walked, hand in hand, by the river.

"Pshaw!" replied Tommy. "I wouldn't be a bird. Birds don't hev to take care o' nobody. Ain't you gettin' tired, Curlie?"

Curlie was tired, so they sat under a tree, and ate their dinner from the basket of cold pieces. Then Tommy told the little girl of the

one of the gayest afternoons, three gentlemen stepped from a Queen street car. Pearlle thought she saw her harvest, and, shouting the names of her papers, rushed across the street. But a coachman, with a pair of unmanageable horses, drove up Yonge street and turned the corner just as Pearlle was crossing. Velvet Cap saw the danger, gave a wild scream, and, leaping before the cruel steeds, thrust Pearlle aside. But his foot slipped on the snow, and he fell.

At first we had large hopes of our little hero's recovery. But we soon became convinced that his noble life was about to close.

As we sat by the dying child's bed, Pearlle understood it all and wept aloud.

"Pearlle," said Velvet Cap, very faintly, "Come closer. I'm awful sorry I bought that cap. I'd a hed quite a bit to leave you only for that cap. But take it, it's yours; an' it'll look nice down in among them curls. Pearlle!

O, don't yo' cry so, Pearlle! You'll find me all right enough just as soon as yo' get up there; an' maybe yo' won't hev ter wait long. Any-

way, I guess that—Jim Hicks—that sells at the—sou'west corner—'ud be good—at actin' monkey fur yo'—Pearlle—Pearlle—Pearlle."

And with that name, dearer to him than all the world, upon his lips, the white soul of Velvet Cap slipped quietly away.

MRS. EVA ROSE YORK.

The Judge's Dream

For Saturday Night.

Last night as I slept in my pallet of straw,
B. the banks of the river that men call the Steel,
Methought in my dreams a sweet vision I saw,
But I pray that I never may dream it again.

Methought from the wigwam I stealthily crawled
And forth to the camp fire I wended my way,
Then I ogled the strings of bright fish we had hauled
From the dark, troubled water the preceding day.

"One-pounders, two-pounders, three-pounders, one our
Not a trace of a whale by the Great Horned Spoon,
Bah! such trifles, such insects, 'tis really a bore
To hear them called fish," and I gazed at the moon.

Thus I pondered. The boys all seemed satisfied quite,
And rejoiced to amaze each with bright funny duds,
But I swear by you orb that rules the dark night,
That such joy over trifles to me seems quite rude.

I came to this lone land to do a great deed.
I must murder a fish of a ponderous size,
Then the praise of all men I shall reap as my meed,
And the trouble I know is in the left of my fist.

"There's a fish in that river that scores such weak bait.
He wants a big fly, not an atomy flea;
If I wish to persuade him to accept his just fate,
I must offer inducements *pro rata*, I see."

Then I crept to the wigwam and made me a fly
Out of a half-book and a whole rooster's tail,
And I bound them together with thongs—oh, my eye!
Then I fastened the whole with a ten-penny nail.

Then I rushed to the river and quills out of breath,
As I plunged thro' the swamp and rank grass to my prey,
I christened my fly the Swamp Angel of Death,
And swore it would capture a whale ere the day.

I stood on the head of a slippery rock,
Made a cast with my trawdy high in the air;
On the moon-kissed surface it fell like a block,
And quick a huge thing darted out from its lair.

I but saw the strange shape as it flashed for the fly,
One moment of wild unreasoning dread,
Then a tug—lost my footing—my heels shot on high—
Gave a yell! I was falling—and awoke out of bed.

G. A. B., M. D.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—The boys were all very kind and sympathetic, and said nice things when roused by the aforesaid blood-freezing yell, and when the Judge explained that he had been sleeping badly and had been disturbed by nasty dreams, Arthur silently handed him the jam jar.

The Boy Said Grace.

A son of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has a good bit of age in his brains.

The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six-year-old spoke up:

"Why don't you say it aloud, pa?"

"You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father, and bowing his head solemnly the little fellow originated this unique grace:

"God have mercy on these victuals."—*New York Tribune.*

The Fight on the Eagle Springs Road.

On the night of July 29, 1880 General Gresham, commanding 15th United States Cavalry (colored), was personally in a bad fix. Although Victorio was running around wild, the general, with only five or six men all told, had started from the camp near old Fort Quitman, to try to make the supply camp at Eagle Springs, Texas, the center of his line guarding the Rio Grande. The stage outfit traveling faster than the general, overtook and passed him by on the road, and made an announcement to that effect late on the night of the 29th, to the commanding officer at Eagle, who decided that the general needed a somewhat larger escort to bring him to camp.

It was about midnight when the detachment mounted and rode out. The moon had risen, and they had plenty of light for the straight, easy, stage-road leading up the river, westward. The little lieutenant, riding along in front, was probably full of magnificent ambitions, but also it is probable, of still more colossal fears. It was doubtless a distinct comfort to him to look back now and then at the tall, soldierly figure of Sergeant Washington Brown riding immediately behind him, and to observe that Sergeant Brown seemed to approve of the fact that the gait was mostly a trot. It was a distinct relief to everybody when, after eighteen miles, and at about three o'clock a. m., a loud challenge was heard from a hill slightly to the right of the road:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

Probably few individuals have ever received a more wholesome, universally cordial welcome than G troop's small outfit received that night. In his first transports, the general was more than agreeable. He had seen hostiles just before sunset, and thoroughly appreciating the situation had gone into camp at once in one of the strongest natural fortifications conceivable. It was an isolated rocky spur or ridge jutting out from the northerly hills into the road, and near its foot was a good tank of water. Two limited and hastily constructed circular redoubts had already been built out of loose stones on the crest of the ridge, and on the plain immediately beneath these, at a convenient distance from the water, was the general's ambulance, and his few horses and mules were tethered to trees sparsely scattered near by.

But of course the general's first transports could not last. After the primary sensations of personal relief were over, his mind turned, with its normal instinctiveness, to the business for which the government was paying him. In a few minutes he wished to know why all the cavalry at Eagle had not come. Two troopers must ride immediately back to Eagle Springs and bring up the whole outfit, and "the whole outfit must come as quick as sabbath permits." And several recording angels must have been required about that time to wash out with combined tears certain pertinent and emphatic remarks uttered in tones almost distinct enough to reach by sound the high hills where those recorders are supposed to work.

In the meantime the remaining representatives of G troop dismounted, unsaddled, tied up their horses and proceeded to construct a third little stone redoubt on the ridge's crest, which they finally finished in what they considered superior shape by sunrise.

It was not until nine o'clock that a vedette, posted on the highest peak of the ridge, shouted, in all piercing accents: "They come," and then the real excitement began. The general, Adjutant Beatty and the juvenile lieutenant were at breakfast near the ambulance. No breakfast was ever ended more speedily than that breakfast was. Despite his superior age and services, it is extremely probable that Gen. Benjamin Harrison Gresham was the first man to top the summit of the fortified ridge, but it has been stated, and *corroborated*, that Adjutant Beatty and the infant second lieutenant were extremely close seconds. And the situation was quite enough to be excited about. Apart from all personal dangers it was quickly realized that the loss of an entire campaign was probable.

"Great Scott!" said the general. "There must be nearly one hundred of them—nearly the whole crowd! Hang it! If those Eagle Springs men were only here! They're sure to get through!"

Beatty used his field-glasses, and thought he could count over ninety hostiles. An enlisted man standing by, looking through another set of glasses, estimated the number as over eighty. The hostiles were then riding, about three miles away, at a right angle to the general's position; but it was soon evident that they spied the location of the small detachment. In a very short time, about twenty to thirty Apaches wheeled to the left, and, as seen through the field-glasses, broke into a gallop and moved directly toward General Gresham's ridge.

The mind of the gallant old soldier went back presumably to old war times. He thought about by-gone days in Mississippi and Louisiana and of the grand raids of which, as most men now say, he can lay equal claim with Stuart and Forrest, as being the immortal inventor; and it must have angered his heart to think of being felled now by a lot of breech-clout Indians.

"Confound it!" he shouted. "You mounted men get out there and stop those devils! As for those coming toward us, drive them into the Rio Grande!"

Sergeant Washington Brown and Private Samuel Prescott started the yell, and down from the ridge toward their horses picked below ran ten men of the G Troop detachment, the little second lieutenant as was proper, going along, too, and making a sum total of eleven men.

Adjutant Beatty, cool as usual, called down from his redoubt more detailed orders:

"Do the best you can," he said. "If they crowd you too much, dismount and try them on foot. Don't let them get to you; they are too big for you. If they seem bound to come, mount, come back here as quick as you can and try to draw as many as possible after you."

Sergeant Washington Brown heard the orders quite as well as the lieutenant did, and perhaps understood them much better, and Private Samuel Prescott aided both officer and non-commissioned officer in translating them

to the others of the detachment, while all were shortening stirrups, tightening girths and mounting. In the meantime the twenty or thirty advancing Apaches riding up the stage road were not more than one mile distant. It was not long until, scattered rather irregularly, but still in a sort of column, Brown and his comrades, at first riding at a trot and canter, soon afterward at a full gallop, were speeding down the road to meet them.

The audacity of the charge evidently worried the Apaches. They knew pretty well how small the detachment was, but they could not see over the ridge, and probably considered, this charge a snare, the men plainly to be seen on the crest of the ridge decoys, and that big reinforcements were hidden near by, beyond their sphere of vision. At any rate, that portion of the hostiles hitherto advancing so confidently on the general began to quickly wheel about to the right and left and to scatter in retreat toward their main body. These renegades, moving into the many arroyos bounding both sides of the stage-road, particularly the north side, where the foot-hills are nearer, seemed, with a miraculous celerity, to absolutely disappear. The main body, nor even their dust, although their general direction was guessed, and their distance estimated as still some two miles away, was not visible, on account of the rolling country to the troopers now charging in a species of irregular line and still following the road.

If the Indians had only possessed sufficient nerve to obey the excellent advice of "Br'er Rabbit," to "lay low and say nothing," it is reasonable to conceive that they might easily have killed every soldier of the small detachment; but somebody got too excited, and in a short time a puff of smoke and a sharp report came from an arroyo to the troopers' left front, and something that "sounded as big as a cannon ball," as he afterwards said, passed close by the head of one of the men. More puffs of smoke and more reports of fire-arms followed almost immediately from other scattered localities—all arroyos. There was nothing visible but the smoke nor anything audible but the report of the gun and the whiz of the bullet.

Everybody thought that it was about time to halt. A halt was ordered and each soldier dismounting and leading his horse began to advance towards the inimical arroyos, stopping now and then and shooting at the arroyos and the smoke, so far the only visible enemy. It was, probably, at this time that two horses were hit, but no man was yet touched, and there was too much breezy excitement around to remark horses only slightly wounded. Soon, however, individual Indians began to appear, mounted; speedily disappearing again, into some arroyo or behind some boulder, at safe distances from either flank of the detachment, plainly working around to the detachment's rear, between the soldiers and the ridge.

Just then a startling fusillade was heard well to the right front.

"Them's the Eagle Springs boys, fellers," shouted the sergeant. "Lieutenant let's mount and get to them."

And the detachment mounted and trotted over a low rise in the prairie, a short distance away, toward the sound of the firing. After passing the rise it was easy enough to see that the Eagle Springs contingent was indeed in full blast, some were wheeling into what is now called "action left," while others were coming into line into the present "action left front."

It was the latter body who first made out Sergeant Brown's detachment, and naturally mistaking the group for Indians, poured into them a collective volley. The detachment should have been wiped from the face of the earth, but the bullets, somehow, whirled by harmlessly—disaster, doubtless, being averted by long range and by the everywhere prevailing mental agitation. Firing came also into the detachment from hostiles on right and left, nearer than the soldiers' erring friends, but not now at close range; and looking back toward the ridge it could be seen that quite a number of hostiles had successfully worked around to the rear and were closing up. It was then, and just after Private Simmons made the distinctly audible remark: "Look ahere, gentlemen, this here thing is simply awful; we ain't got no friends nowhar," that the last clause of Beatty's instructions was remembered, and orders were given for the detachment to wheel around, charge through the Indians in rear, and get back to the ridge.

Private Samuel Prescott was not only one of the last men to obey the order, but it was observed that his horse moved more slowly than those of his comrades. It is probable that his horse was also wounded with the other two during the earlier period of the fight, although that fact, not noted at the time, can now never be known. But the Indians noticed that Prescott was lagging behind, and when they gave away from the front of the charging troopers and fell back on both flanks, riding parallel with the retreating men and shooting into them, six—counted—Apaches seemed to consider it their special duty to take in Private Samuel Prescott.

To regain the ridge, the detachment had now to ride rather more than two and one-half miles. Their pursuers certainly numbered three to one. However, carbine or rifle bullets fired from a horse in motion are generally accidental when they hit, and no accidents occurred, fortunately, until the soldiers were about seven hundred yards from the haven of General Gresham's small redoubts. Then some lucky hostile brought down and killed Private Prescott's horse, the horse dropping stone dead, and sending Prescott flying into the air. By another lucky accident Prescott fortunately struck the ground on that anatomical portion of the Afro-American usually considered the least vulnerable, and, although he'dopped and lost his carbine, he was not stunned, no bones were broken, and by a marvelous somersault he bounced, as it were, directly upon his feet. It was impossible for his comrades to give him immediate help. Horses were almost beyond control. The humming Indian bullets, the noise of the troopers' pistols fired in return compliments, the smell of powder, seemed to render each horse positively frantic. Nor, on account of the approaching cavalrymen, could fire

assistance be rendered to Prescott in the first instance by the few men in the redoubts.

But Private Samuel Prescott still had his pistol buckled to his belt, and knew fairly well how to use it. Despite his hard fall, he was quite ready for work as soon as he felt himself on his legs.

"First thing I thought was," he was overheard to say, later, to a friend, "that I never was again to see old Tennessee again, and I started to run like a black-tail deer. Then I thought of that there pistol, and after I run about thirty yards I drew her out and turned around and fired into them fellers. Then I run again some way, all the time watching this ridge, you bet, and I turned again and fired that second shot you heard. Then I run again and turn again, and did that twice, and got in two other shots before Adjutant Beatty; he opened on them from the ridge."

The six hostiles following him got so close to Prescott that one actually tried to rope him with a lariat. But by strict adherence to his plucky tactics, Prescott, by only his own personal efforts, kept them at bay during a foot-race for life of at least two hundred yards. Adjutant Beatty opened fire in his aid at the earliest possible opportunity, and the few of his mounted friends who could at last spot their horses wheeled about as soon as possible to charge to his rescue.

And then, having emptied the remaining two chambers of his revolver in the direction of the now fleeing Apaches, Private Samuel Prescott—a little the worse for wear, being minus a horse, a carbine and a hat, and with a highly respectable bullet furrow along the entire palm of his left hand, but not otherwise harmed—walked leisurely but proudly up into the miniature redoubts on the ridge's crest, and received the congratulations of every soldier present.

A Good Sell.

Captain Whelin was an excellent volunteer officer, and because of this at the close of our late war he received a lieutenant's commission in the regular army and since then has won his way to the command of a company.

Captain Whelin is an Irishman and like all his countrymen he dearly loves a joke. Some time since the captain was stationed in a Western fort, which was commanded by Major Phillips of the same regiment.

The major is a martinet, and his personal dignity and self-importance are so marked as to make him an object of ridicule when his back is turned and an object of contempt at all times.

Captain Whelin, like all his brother officers, cordially dislikes the major and lets slip no opportunity of taking him down when it can be done without a violation of military discipline. The captain had been to Leavenworth, where there is a home for disabled volunteer soldiers, and on his return he met the Major at the Post Club, where the latter was telling how he had won battles which others claimed the glory of. Suddenly Whelin said:

"I saw a man over at Leavenworth who'd give the world to kick you."

"Kick me!" shouted the Major. "I demand his name, sir!"

"I don't like to tell you," said the tormentor.

"But I demand his name!" persisted the bellicose Major.

"Well, if you insist on knowing—but, mark you, Major, it must go no further—the man was—"

"Who? Who?"

"Don't be in a hurry, Major. The man was old Sargeant Billy Waters of the First Artillery, who lost both his legs at Atlanta by the explosion of a shell. Faith, he'd give all he has, or hopes to have, to be able to kick anybody!"—*Cleveland Sun and Voice.*

Remnants of William.

Andy Rohan, chief of the police bureau of identification, tells a good story. Rohan is one of the best posted men in the department on criminal history.

"I met a thief," says Andy, "whom I had not seen for a long time."

"Hulloa, Jim," says I, "where have you been for so long? What has become of your partner?"

"Well, I tell ye, Andy," the thief replied, "you know Chicago ain't been any too healthy for me. Poor old Bill!"

"What has become of Bill?"

"De last I see of Bill, Andy, was an arm. I'll tell ye how it was. Me and Bill and another pal went down to a little town in Ohio to do a job. De store was owned by an old feller who banked pretty nearly all de money in de town. He run a hardware store and such like, and it was dead easy. Bill an' me other pal went inside while I piped off on de outside. De boys found a ghost all right and went to wuk and drilled her. De lads filled her up wid powder and stepped around behind de safe ter wait for de explosion. Oh, my! oh, me! oh, my!" and the thief shook his head dolefully.

"Well, how about it?" I questioned curiously.

"Well, yer see, Andy, de ole feller dat run de shop was a stingy bloke and ter save de insurance rates on de store he didn't say nothin' about it and put dynamite in his safe. De last I seen of me pal was an arm goin' t'rew de roof, Andy. When de racket was over I found myself sittin' in a cornfield out to de edge of de town. Dat was de last I seen of Bill, Andy."—*Chicago Mail.*

A Close Call.

"Time I was out in Colorado," said the man with the ginger beard, "I was chased by the Indians into a cave, and had to stay there three months without anything to eat." Here the man with the ginger beard looked round defiantly, expecting someone to doubt his assertion, but as no one spoke he continued: "I s'pose I would ha' starved if it hadn't been for my wife and family back East. Whenever I would git to thinkin' of them, a big lump would rise right up in my throat; and by swallerin' that I kep' myself from starvin'."

The Earth's Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller dimensions under the



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

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A Slight Error.

An uptown church has recently undergone great alterations, and during the course of the work a lot of old wood was accumulated which was perfectly good for kindling purposes, but was not of much account for anything else. The superintendent of the building, thinking to have the wood removed at the least possible cost, started about to dispose of it by sale. Accordingly, picking out a nice, smooth board, he inscribed it as follows: "Wood for sale by the load."

The board had been exposed only a short time when some saw saw the chance for a good joke and changed the letter "r" in the word "load" to an "r" and for days the sign stood out in front of the church reading: "Wood for sale by the Lord."—*Philadelphia Record.*

To Columbian Exposition

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Why He Applauded

"I can't imagine why a musical critic like you should applaud such a long and wearisome performance as that."

"It's out of gratitude that the thing is finished at last that I applaud. Bravo! bravo!"

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Cricket Notes.



NE of the most enjoyable places to play cricket in is Grimsby. The pitch is good, or was on Saturday last, the ground is beautifully situated and the Grimsby club is composed of a fine, jovial set of fellows, whose love for the game does not prevent them from fraternizing with their visitors and entertaining them hospitably. Add to these factors of enjoyment the presence of a large number of ladies and you will agree that in Grimsby the "Cricketers' lot is a happy one." East Toronto visited this place on Saturday and very deservedly got a drubbing. Only six men turned up and the team had to be recruited by Grimsby men. A turn out like this does not reflect any credit on the club and shows a disgraceful want of esprit de corps among the members of the organization. The secretary is in no way to blame, the fault resting entirely with the players, who do not take enough interest in the game or the prestige of their club to care whether their reputation suffers or not. If once a club gets the name of being unreliable, other clubs will think twice before they enter into arrangements with them for matches. Another thing is that bad feeling is engendered not only between clubs but also between the members of the same club. "If So-and-so had turned up we could have made a better show," is a frequent remark on occasions of this kind and unkind feeling towards those who have failed in the hour of need are pretty sure to arise when some one says, as a Grimsby inhabitant did, "I say, captain, next time you come up and are short, send us a wire beforehand and we'll drum up some players for you." No club objects to a thrashing in a good game, but all players dislike being beaten through faults which are easily avoided and where it is not a question of skill. When Grimsby put their best eleven into the field they should be hard to beat, and the Toronto clubs will do well to remember this fact when the men from the fruit country come down next month for three days cricket.

Laing and Wadsworth did some talk bowling against the Fort in the second innings of the military men, and Laing's analysis stands as the record so far this season. How Toronto allowed the Fort to beat them is another matter which is not easily accounted for and must be put down to the eccentricities of the fickle goddess. Fortune is perhaps tired of smiling on the T.C.C. The defeat by Guelph was well merited, and shows the folly of undervaluing opponents. Doubtless Toronto thought they could whip Guelph with one hand, a theory which Guelph knocked into a hundred and thirteen pieces.

Le Roy and Snyder saved East Toronto from a moral defeat on Saturday. Both men played very good cricket, Snyder showing some of the form which erstwhile obtained him a place on the International eleven, while his big partner proved to be a tower of strength in the hour of need. The 49 added by these two men placed East Toronto beyond the certainty of defeat had the game been played to a finish. If public form counts for anything any club which does not make at least 70 against Parkdale has but a poor chance of victory as the western men have an average total considerably above that figure. It was a pity that rain prevented the match being played out. S. W. Black, who went on as a change bowler, secured 4 wickets for 4 runs. He always bowls well. Both clubs have made an acquisition to their strength of late. Snyder of East Toronto is a good, fast, round arm bowler, who would have been very useful at Hamilton, and when batting his is a hard wicket to get. Turnbull, who has lately joined Parkdale, is an old Pickering player, and is perhaps the fastest bowler in Toronto, with a knack of changing his speed without altering his delivery. He is a free, but not sure, bat. On Saturday he was playing against the Fort for the Gordon McKay eleven—he being a clerk in that house—and scored 21. In his last previous match he scored 17, not out. He and Humphries put up 36 out of the 57, two others made 11, and there were 8 extras and five ducks. The Fort looked as if they were in for a big score, losing only 4 wickets for 66 runs, Cooper and Anderson 21, not out, and 14 not out, Todd 13. The Fort is doing good work this summer in the interests of cricket, and it is greatly to be hoped that the military club has a long era of prosperity before it.

Brantford appears to be drinking deep of the bitterness of defeat. They did not show up very well against Rosedale, and now Paris has walked over them. But if a club has the right material in it a defeat should always be turned to good account. Much can be learned from the game of opponents, and if faulty cricket ever comes to light it is in a match when pitted against men who know how to take advantage of every apparent fault and have a knack of discovering weaknesses. It is to be regretted that the Hamilton v. Toronto match is off, as those who take an interest in the composition of the International eleven were looking forward to this week's cricket when the crack clubs of Ontario would be seen and the game of the leading players could be watched and compared. But I hear the match will take place on Monday. London Asylum played three matches here this week, and in next issue I shall give my carefully considered conclusions about the crack players of that club.

The annual At Home of the Parkdale Cricket Club will take place this (Saturday) afternoon on the Exhibition grounds. This is always a most pleasant affair, the friends of the club turning out in large numbers. To-day was chosen for the concert by the Grenadier Band at Exhibition Park, and the cricket club took advantage of that fact to have music for their At Home. A match will be played between the Old Country and Canadian members of the club, and this game is creating more interest than any other fixture of the season. Refresh-

ments will be served to the guests of the day and a good social time provided.

I here insert a letter received by the editor. Dr. Yeomans did not intend it for publication, but he will forgive me for using it as an illustration of the general feeling among cricketers throughout the province with regard to a cricket weekly:

Editor Saturday Night.

DEAR SIR,—I think it was in your Cricket Notes, some time ago, that I saw mention of the publication of a Canadian cricket paper in Toronto. Will you kindly furnish me with the address of any such publisher or the address of anyone who may have such intention. I am sure such a paper would find ready sale amongst the rapidly increasing "cricket cranks" of Ontario and would be indeed valuable in the interests of the game generally.

Sincerely yours,
HORACE A. YEOMANS.

Deseronto, Aug. 5

I may say that it is a well known member of the Toronto Cricket Club who is going into the enterprise. He finds it too late in the season to float the publication this year, but will get everything in readiness to come out early next summer. There is a free masonry about the grand old game that will cause cricketers everywhere to come enthusiastically to the support of such a paper.

D. G.

Trying It On.

"Is Mr. Saunders MacPherson in?"

"It is my name, sir."

"Ah! I am Doctor Wilgus Williams. Possibly you have heard of me as head surgeon of the New Utrecht Hospital. No! I have made some hazardous operations there with excellent results, and I suppose that is the reason why your employers and associates have entrusted me with a little commission, so to call it, with reference to yourself."

"But I am wanting no surgeons, sir."

"Excuse me; they claim that you do. In fact, I have been asked by them to come and perform an operation on you."

"My employers bade you do that? It is incredible!"

"Not at all. Allow me to come in and explain! Thank you. May I put my instrument case on this table? Never mind the bag; that is only for the sponges—for blood and ether, you know."

"Excuse me for a minute," Mr. MacPherson, rather pale and shaky, retired behind a screen and breathed hard. When he came out he also breathed spirits. A little of his color had come back and he had assumed an air half defiant, half conciliatory. "I never knew," said he, "such an amazing piece of interference with the private rights of a man as this. In my own country, sir, a man is allowed the liberty to choose his own surgical operations. But if, as you say, my employers desire it, I will at least listen to what you have to say regarding it."

"Well, it is this, and pardon me for speaking frankly: You cannot understand a joke," Mr. MacPherson dropped into thought for a while, but he seemed to feel easier afterward: "And are they not through dinging that most miserable statement into the ears of the people?" he asked.

"They say that your inability to see anything funny in their conversation throws a gloom over the whole place, and when you go to them and ask to have their humorous things explained to you, it takes a great deal of their time. In justice to them, as well as out of consideration to yourself, they beg that you will undergo a little pain for the sake of a great deal of pleasure and benefit that will come after."

"But, my heavens man, what for?"

"Surely, you know that a Scotchman cannot understand a joke without undergoing a surgical operation."

"This is a senseless statement, sir. I have a brother who not only takes Punch, but once wrote a very pretty witticism for it. Let me see; it was like this: 'Why is a—Why is a—strange that I should forget it, for it was very amusing.'"

The other man shuddered in his turn, but he looked relieved when he found the Scotchman's memory had a flaw in it. "Come," he said rather sternly, "we may as well begin."

"You're surely not expecting—"

"Oh, yes, indeed. But it's a simple operation. It can be performed without your know-

ing it, and we hope that after it is done you will be able to laugh at all the bright things that are said in your place of business, and even to say some yourself. Just think of what you have missed."

"But I shall resist it, sir."

"What, the joking?"

"I never was more serious."

"But, then, you never were anything else but serious. Come, sir, a little excision of the plastron to secure liberty for the duller obligato and a little traction on the humerus—that's all."

"I never will submit to it, sir. I'll have in the police. My employers are taking a most unwarrantable course, sir. I was not hired for purposes of vivisection. Besides, who could understand such jokes as they make in that office?"

"Ha, ha! That's not so bad for a Scotchman. Now, if you will lie down on this table for about ten minutes and breathe through this sponge you will soon be able to do better. I will call my assistant."

"No, no! I'll not allow it. This is outrageous."

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I may as well confess that this was all in fun."

"What was in fun, sir?"

"Why, this—my coming here—my proposing to have an operation on you—it's all a joke."

"What is a joke?"

"Why, as I said, this whole thing. I am no physician. The case there is full of comic papers."

"How dare you come here on such a piece of pretence?"

"Your friends in the office said to me yesterday 'Saunders MacPherson was never known to take a joke in his life. Now you go and make one so plain that he can't help seeing it.'"

"Then why didn't you do it, instead of coming here and threatening and worrying?"

"But that is the joke, I tell you."

"What is?"

"Of all the dull—see here: You'll have to submit to that operation after all."

"But you said you were not a doctor. You have told a deliberate falsehood, sir. I can hardly find it in me to excuse my employers, or you either, sir."

"I'm not doctor enough for this."

"You may tell my employers that I am in the best of health and have a plentiful understanding of humor. To prove it, now, I'll tell you the witticism that was in Punch. It was in 1854. 'Why is my boot equal—'

The bogus doctor had started to fly. He was impelled from the door into the street. Mr. MacPherson closed the door and chuckled: "I wonder whom the joke is on."—Life.

Muddling the Money-Lender.

A London reporter, when in the country last summer, wanted to borrow some money of a plain, good-natured farmer, with whom he dined after an agricultural meeting.

"I want to borrow six pounds," he said, "until I reach London."

The farmer had only three pounds, and the reporter said:

"Well, I wish you would owe me the other three pounds, and we'll settle up when I come down again."

When the day of settlement came, the farmer was befogged by this conversation.

The farmer said, "You owe me three pounds, don't you?"

"Certainly, I do," was the reply.

"Well, will you pay me?"

"Well, my dear fellow, I think our account is about square. I wanted to borrow six pounds, you remember. You let me have three pounds, and said you'd owe me the other three pounds. Now, then, you haven't paid that three pounds, and, consequently, still owe it to me. I owe you three pounds, and if you will give me the three pounds you owe me, I will instantly pay you the three pounds I owe you. Nothing could be fairer than that, I think."

The farmer pondered, and has not got out of his reverie yet.—Tit-Bits.

As He Understands It.



"Oh, Charlie! I almost wish I were not rich. I am afraid you would not love me if the money should go."

"At any rate, it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."—Life.

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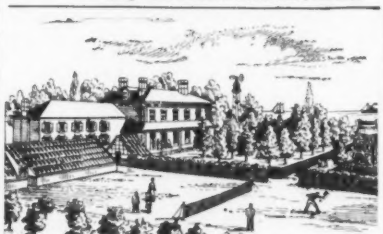
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Still on Deck.

The postmaster of Spruce Creek, who recently addressed a letter to the President giving his reasons for not vacating his office, has sent the following to the chief executive:

"I am still here. When a man tries to put me outen my house, he soon finds that he's got a steer on his hands. That fellow that you p'inted in my place come over with a nigger constable an' took the letters an' mail-bag, but I ain't been put outen the house yet. Wife, she 'lows that I'm a good un, an' I reckon I am. I don't believe you was 'lected, nobow an' they tell me that you can lie about a fish jes' like a jedge. President! Wy, I wouldn't give three burrass in the new ground for all sich Presidents as you air. If I couldn't skeer up a better President than you, I'd ax somebody to hold my coat while I ran ag'in a beech tree. I've still got the bulge on you, old hoss-fly. The new postmaster here hain't got no place to keep the letters, an' he wants my box, but he kaint get it."

Fifty cents worth uv stamps come the other day, but I got a holt uv them an' he kaint git his paws on 'em. I'm goin' to start up ag'in, you ole hoss-fly. I'll show you that you kaint run this here community. I've been livin' here too long to be put out by a man that I never seed. I don't like to delare war with a stranger, but then you oughter try to run my business. I voted for you an' kep' a man from votin' fur that other fellow, but if it was to do over ag'in, I would floor you, without end. Wall, I have said about all I'm going to say. I wanted to be 'identified with this ministration, an' have showed you that I ken pull when the collar fits, but I kick when they put hames on me without a collar. Say, ef you air so keen to help the other feller, jes' 'stablish two offices here an' let me have one uv them. We'd whoop up business, let me tell you. When he'd have a letter to send off I'd skirmish round an' git one, too, an' don't you forget it. I hate to give up the fight, for I am a mighty hard man to down. This thing is chapin' down to a p'int, Mr. President, an' let me say this: Mobby I kaint run a post-office here as cheap as you can, but I ken make one six jest as loud. The postoffice business is jes' into my line, an' I am still on deck."—Arkansas Traveler.



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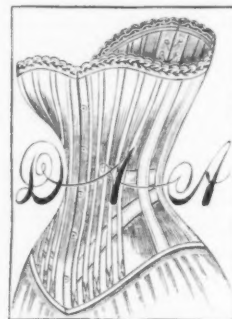
ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Music.

A WRITER in the London *Musical News* gives expression to his opinions concerning the wholesome effects of practical experience gained by musicians after they have equipped themselves for this life's battles through the acquirement of a thorough technical education. He presupposes that all who engage in musical pursuits will, at least, begin the practice of their profession with sufficient fundamental knowledge concerning the technique and science of their art as to enable them to act intelligently in whatever enterprise they may embark. The experience of many musicians unfortunately is founded upon no such solid foundation. Their musical education is largely acquired through after contact with other and educated musicians. Through this slow process of artistic growth many, however, if possessed of energy and executive ability may accomplish very fair work. Musicians who enter the profession prematurely without sufficient qualification from an educational standpoint, naturally are not possessed of artistic ideals concerning their future work. Many who begin in this way, it is true, are content to work modestly until sufficient means have been acquired to afterwards enable them to study under the most favorable circumstances, but the choice of this course largely depends upon the temperament of the individual. I have known so-called musicians who were not able to resolve a chord of the dominant seventh, aggressively pose as authorities on all matters concerning the art. Such, of course, would not recognize the benefits of thorough study or artistic attainments. I have also known musicians who could not tell the difference between a *leit-motif* and the side of a barn, arrogantly compare themselves and their work with that of Von Bulow, Reinecke, Nikisch, MacKenzie and Bridge. And I have known committees which professed to be centers of musical development accept such twaddle as gospel.

There is a mistaken idea also that experience is proportionately valuable according to the age of respective musicians. This again depends upon the individual and upon his surroundings. When we consider the early work of such still comparatively young men as D'Albert, Weinberger, Nikisch, Paur and hosts of others, and compare it with the best work of many older musicians, we are forced to the conclusion that some musicians are capable of absorbing as much of artistic work in one year as others in ten. There are also localities which offer as much in one year in the way of constant hearing of the greatest of classical and modern works as other localities would be able to afford in a century. One of the most valuable experiences in the life of any musician is the constant hearing of the greatest masterpieces under the most favorable circumstances. These conditions added to technical education of a superior character equip musicians for the work of life and guarantee the good influence of their after practical experience. With uneducated musicians, this oftentimes consists of adapting oneself to the standard of a particular locality and thereby acquiring a cheap glory in it, because of similarity with it.

The recent remarkable festival of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musik Verein in Munich has been a subject of much comment in the European musical press. Space will not permit me to enumerate the many works produced on so elaborate a scale during this festival. The London *Musical Times* states that the operations of the above society "enable us to gauge the condition of music in Germany at the present period," and institute interesting comparisons between it and our English festivals. The *Times* attributes the great results of this meeting of musicians to the fact that in Germany "art" takes precedence of "sport." Among the works contributed by living composers those of Eugene D'Albert were particularly enthusiastically received. D'Albert, whose frankness concerning the musical life of his native land has unfortunately estranged him from his countrymen for the time being, is looked upon in Germany as one of the coming composers. A feature of the proceedings was a performance of Tannhauser which is said to have been mounted more superbly even than in Bayreuth. This speaks well for the projected series of Wagner's music dramas announced for the coming autumn in Munich, to extend from the middle of August to the end of September.

The new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is described by Martin Krause of Leipzig as "an executive artist of extraordinary many-sidedness, a director of eminent endowments, a musician of the most thorough education, and a man full of energy, strength of character and firm faith in the ideal of our great art." The Leipzig press generally speak of Herr Paur in the most flattering terms. This is all the more interesting since his predecessors at Leipzig and Boston, Herr Nikisch, is so well known in the former city which makes the unstinted praise accorded Herr Paur all the more valuable since many of the statements concerning the latter, hitherto almost unknown director, are of a nature in which his work is compared most favorably with any of his predecessors in Leipzig.

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

The many Canadian friends of Herr Martin Krause of Leipzig will be pleased to learn that the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, has been pleased to confer upon this talented gentleman the title of Sir Knight of the Cross of the first

order, in recognition of his valuable services in the cause of the art.

Mr. H. M. Field, the talented Canadian pianist, left for Chicago on Monday last to perform at one of the special concerts given in the Music Hall of the Exposition under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Mr. Field will likely perform the Liszt E flat concerto with the accompaniment of the orchestra of the Exposition.

Messrs. Goulay, Winter & Leeming are making extensive attractions to their Yonge street piano warerooms in preparation for the fall trade. The upper stories of the building are being refitted and decorated and otherwise improved. When completed this enterprising firm will possess a suite of showrooms which will be a credit to themselves and the city.

It is the intention of Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F. C. O., organist of All Saints church, to resume his organ recitals during the coming season. Mr. Fairclough purposes introducing a number of works seldom heard here, the whole series presenting the best selections in the various schools of organ-playing, ancient and modern. These recitals which were interrupted last season on account of Mr. Fairclough's serious illness are among the most interesting features of our musical life in Toronto.

I am pleased to notice from time to time the many evidences of musical progress in different portions of the province. I have on several occasions referred to the good work being accomplished by Mr. J. E. Jaques of Brantford, musical director of the Institute for the Blind in that city. At the closing exercises of that institution, last June, Mr. Jaques conducted the second portion of Spohr's sublime oratorio *The Last Judgment* with excellent effect. Last year the first part of the work was produced there also. Several of Mr. Jaques' pupils have also passed the examinations of the College of Organists (Canada) very creditably.

Mr. Arthur Blakely, the organist of the Sherbourne street Methodist church, gave a most enjoyable private recital, on Thursday afternoon of last week, to a few invited friends. The programme consisted of the Oratorio to Tannhauser and other Wagner selections, Gullmunt's Fantasia on English melodies, and a varied programme of numbers from Semmens, Wely and other popular composers for the organ. Mr. Blakely is becoming known as one of the rising solo organists in the city, and his selections every Sunday at the Sherbourne street Methodist church form one of the most enjoyable features of the service.

With characteristic enterprise, Mr. D. E. Cameron, choirmaster of Carlton street Methodist church, who has returned to the city after spending a month's vacation down east, announces a series of Sunday evening song services during the present month. The first of the series was held last Sunday evening and was enjoyed by a crowded congregation. Next Sunday evening the programme will embrace a soprano solo, Angel Land, Piusotti, by Mrs. Scrimger-Massie; trio, Praise Ye, Verdi; a quartette, and Hallelujah, Christ is Risen, a prize anthem by Orlando Morgan, an English composer, never before given, I believe, in Toronto. The drawing power of music is well illustrated in the large audiences that attend these song services.

Ottawa.

The Misses Stamford are having a very pleasant visit in Wellington as the guest of the Misses Ault.

Mr. James Fraser spent a few days in Carlton Place with Mr. A. H. Edwards, and returned well pleased with the outing.

Mr. Athol Wright is spending his holidays at Carlton Place.

At a meeting of the Ottawa Presbytery last week, Rev. T. W. Winfield, formerly pastor of the Reformed Episcopal church here, was received. The Presbytery clerk read an extract of a minute of the Grand Assembly regarding the reception of the Rev. Mr. Winfield into the Presbyterian Church. The Moderator then asked Mr. Winfield the usual questions on receiving a minister, and on all being properly answered the ministers gathered around him and shook hands in welcome. The people of Ottawa generally hope that Mr. Winfield may receive a call to the vacant pulpit in Knox church, as he is very much thought of by people of all denominations.

Messrs. George Townsend, A. Bradley, E. J. Hughes, William Cairns and John Carleton have been elected to office at the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, which was held at Sault Ste. Marie last week. Dairy Commissioner Robertson has gone on a lecturing tour in Western Ontario. The object of this tour is to instruct the producers of Western Ontario on the conditions of competition for October cheese at the World's Fair.

Mr. Louis Coste, chief engineer of Public Works, left for Europe on Wednesday of last week, partly on business in connection with his department.

Rev. J. L. Courlay has been re-appointed to the Presbyterian mission of Cantley for another quarterly term.

There is considerable criticism of the committee of the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club at present, by a good many of the members, on account of a recent committee decision connected with the ladies' lawn tennis championship of Canada, played in Toronto. Mrs. Sydney Smith, who so nearly won the championship, was anxious to be allowed to play on the Ottawa ground during the afternoon for a fortnight before going to Toronto. She was accorded the privilege last year, but was refused this season, on the ground that the men required all the courts. The committee is being roundly censured, and not a few say Mrs. Smith was shamefully treated. She is one of the club's best supporters and has interested herself more than anybody else in its welfare. It is said that the treatment of Mrs. Smith by the committee was a piece of spite; it is also said that few if any of the members of the committee will not seek office next season.

Rev. Mr. Moore, D.D., has been elected a deputy grand chaplain of the Orange order of British America, at the meeting held last week at Sault Ste. Marie.

Mrs. R. Stewart and family have gone to St. Andrew's for the balance of the summer.

The Misses Newell of Manchester, England, who are making a tour of Canada, are visiting Ottawa, and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ami of Cooper street.

Miss Tilly Ridout of Somerset street has gone to Port Elgin to join her sister, Mrs. Capreol, and they will remain there for the balance of the summer.

Mr. Fred Chase Capreol of Liegar street left on Saturday on a yachting cruise with Mr. F. G. Moon.

Mrs. L. K. Jones returned home last week for a few days to make some necessary arrangements before closing up her home for the balance of the summer.

Lieut.-Colonel Tisdale, M.P., Messrs. Cochran, M.P., Rosamond, M.P., and Masson, M.P., were in town last week.

St. Andrew's Society have decided to present an address of welcome to Lord Aberdeen upon his arrival in Ottawa. The following gentlemen have been appointed to draft the address: The President, Mr. Alexander Maclean and Messrs. J. C. Glashen, A. H. Taylor and J. I. McCracken.

Miss Edith Ridout returned home on Monday after a most enjoyable two weeks' outing at Coteau.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chrysler were in Montreal last week.

Mr. Henri Roy has gone for a holiday to Kamouraska.

Miss Gertrude Cole is visiting in Brockville, and sang two very pretty solos on Sunday in the Wall street Methodist church.

Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. McMorran sailed for England on Friday last with their brother Mr. A. Angus of Montreal.

Mr. Thomas White and Miss White are summering at Bolton Springs.

Mr. W. Moore is rusticating at Cushing's Island.

Mrs. Mackay of Mackay street, Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Keefer at her new and beautiful summer residence Rockcliffe.

B. A. Walters is having a jolly good time at Abenakis Springs.

The Misses Davidson of St. Urbain street, Montreal, are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Alex. F. McIntyre, Q.C., of Montreal, was in town visiting his old home on Saturday.

Miss B. Barker is breathing the fresh sea air at the "Inch Arran House" Dalhousie, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Merkle are visiting in Cumberland.

Mr. A. J. Palmer sailed for Liverpool on Saturday.

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh was in Toronto for a few days in the early part of the week.

Miss Slattery of Cooper street is visiting friends in Toronto and is having an exceedingly good time.

Rev. F. B. Hodgins of Toronto, the newly appointed curate of St. George's church, will assume his new duties the first week in September. Mr. Hodgins is a brother of Major W. E. Hodgins of the G. G. F. G. Rev. Mr. Hodgins as a student was connected with Trinity, All Saints and St. Simon's churches in Toronto, and was very much liked by all three congregations, and we are sure Mr. Hodgins will be popular with St. George's.

Miss Muir of Montreal, who has been visiting friends in the city, left for home on Saturday.

Mr. W. C. Edwards, M.P., and a party of ladies came up from Rockland on his steam yacht Gipsy on Saturday, and after spending a pleasant afternoon at Rockcliffe Park returned home in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bowie of MacLaren street have gone up the river to rusticate for a little. Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, wife and daughter of Rev. Canon DuMoulin of St. James' cathedral, Toronto, have returned to Montreal after a pleasant visit here with friends.

Rumor has it that Miss DuMoulin will shortly leave Toronto and become a resident of Ottawa, entering into a matrimonial contract with a gentleman of Her Majesty's Customs Department.

Messrs. W. T. Lawkes and C. S. Cameron of the Ottawa Rowing Club spent a couple of days in Toronto on their return from Hamilton. The crew made a very poor showing and were naturally a little reluctant about returning home.

Mr. D. C. Chamberlain returned to town on Wednesday to attend to some office duties for August 15, and will return to his camp duties at High View on Monday or Tuesday, where he will remain for the balance of his holidays.

Which?

"So De Wolf Hopper is divorced and married again?"

"Yes."

"Well now I suppose the question is, is his former wife a grass widow or a grass hopper?"

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

ral every Sunday morning this month, and also on the second and third Sunday evenings.

Mrs. and Miss Newbigging leave Toronto this week to spend some time at Chautauqua Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. J. B. Wallace of the Merchant's Bank and E. S. Roy of Belleville were the guests of Mrs. Dell of Sullivan street for a few days this week, having made the trip up on their bicycles. They intend taking the Persia to Kingston and from there wheel back to Belleville.

Rev. A. J. Reid, late curate of St. Luke's, Toronto, left last week on a short visit to the States.

An important item in the work of St. James' Cathedral is the children's service held once a month which has been inaugurated by the curate, Rev. Arthur Manning. One of these delightful services was held last Sunday, a large number of children attending.

Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M.A., rector of All Saint's left Tuesday evening for a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Rev. J. R. S. Boyd, B.A., who lately joined the benedictines, has returned from his honeymoon and has resumed his duties as curate of All Saint's Church.

Miss Maude Ashbery of Brantford is visiting friends in the west end.

Miss Carrie Helliwell of Carlton street and Mrs. Fred Chandler are among the guests at Summit House, Port Cockburn.

Among the new arrivals at Naragansett Pier are Mrs. Ebor Ward of Paris and her sister, Miss Helen Hugel. The last month they have spent at Cacouna, St. Lawrence Hall.

Miss Maude Barwick of Close avenue, Parkdale, is visiting friends in Muskoka.

Mrs. Howard and child of Markham street left last week to spend two weeks in Chicago.

Mr. George B. Brown of the Standard Bank is spending his holidays with his parents at Roseau, Muskoka.

A merry picnic party went over to Center Island last Tuesday afternoon and spent a few hours in that pretty park, and after tea walked to Hanlan's, taking the boat for home from there: Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Lester, Mr. H. C. Caston, Miss T. Mason, Miss R. Helliwell, Mr. L. White, Miss E. McVity, Mr. Ashton Fletcher, Miss M. Michie, Mr. H. V. Knight and Mr. J. Knight.

Miss P. Bain of Sorauren avenue is visiting in Listowel.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman and family of Dunn avenue, Parkdale, have returned from spending a month at Sturgeon Point.

Miss Morris of Sorauren avenue is visiting friends at Seaford.

At Rosebank, Toronto's latest summer resort, there is at present camping at the Angel's Retreat, a charming company of angels consisting of: Miss Stewart, Miss Violet Stewart, Miss Wright, the Misses Louis and Lillie Migh, Miss Tillie Henderson, Miss Clara Brown, Miss Grace and Minnie Grover. They are chaperoned by Mrs. Fish. At Blink Bonny cottage Mrs. Howell, Miss Howell, the Misses Ida and Eva Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie May, and Messrs. Geo. A. and W. J. Howell are spending the summer. Mr. and Miss Gavin of Toronto are also at Blink Bonny for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Peterkin and family are occupying their cottage as usual and have Miss Lewis of Petrolia, Miss Headley of Toronto and Miss Mabel Jones of Bowmanville visiting them.

On Wednesday evening at six o'clock St. Andrew's Church, Grimsby, was the scene of a pretty wedding when Miss Lillian Nelles and Mr. William J. Drope were united in matrimony. The ceremony which was witnessed by a large number of friends, was performed by Rev. Clarence Ball, cousin of the bride, assisted by Rev. Charles Lee, rector of the parish. The bridesmaids were Miss Ida Nelles, sister of the bride, Miss A. Hall of Peterboro, Miss M. MacDonald of Toronto, and Miss Mabel Nelles. The groomsmen were Mr. Fred J. Crossen of Cobourg, Mr. J. G. Clark of Bank of Commerce, Toronto, Mr. Boice Nelles of Grimsby and Mr. Leslie Nelles of Niagara-on-the-Lake. The church was tastefully decorated and the couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. They are now on a trip to Montreal and Quebec. Mr. Drope is from Peterboro, where he is connected with the teaching staff of the Collegiate Institute.

Miss Ida Green of Czar street has returned from her six months' trip to Halifax and St. John.

Miss Ethel Nichol, daughter of Dr. Nichol, of Brantford has returned home after an enjoyable visit to friends in Toronto.

A most pleasant time was spent at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, last Wednesday evening, a social hop having been arranged by a number of gentlemen from the city. The party arrived at the park by special boat at 9 p.m. and at once commenced dancing to the strains of a string orchestra that played charming music. The hotel was brilliantly lit up and was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Among those present I noticed: Miss V. B. Sheppard, Miss M. Macfarlane, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. McConvey, Misses Hancock, A. Smythe, O'Neill, Somers, A. Taylor, F. Smythe, Dobson, Schafer, Kelf, Sharkey, Logg, L. Sullivan, Ada Rosebrugh, Melady, McConvey, Maro, Hill, Appleby, Lockhart, Stinson, Walker, Ida Taylor, O'Neill, Furby, O'Neill, Shedy, Wright, Martin, Noxon, McLean, and Messrs. S. J. Johnston, D. McCaul, W. H. Milne, Harry Briggs, J. Melady, N. McCallum, W. J. McCue, E. McQuillan, J. H. Naab, H. H. Davidson, Geo. Sharkey, T. H. Stephenson, A. E. Webb, W. A. Blashford, Geo. E. Carlisle, S. E. Cunningham, Alex. Watt, R. J. Chambers,

A. H. Stuttaford, A. J. Sullivan, A. Clark, J. W. Jardine, H. C. Coates, John Mathers, A. L. Lyne, W. K. Booth, L. Johnson, A. E. Walto, W. Richardson, W. M. Hunter, W. C. Wheeler, John Hackett, F. Cherries, J. Du-bois, George Shields, M. Armour, John Peels, F. J. Skirrett and J. E. Firth.

Miss Flossie Turner of Toronto is renewing old acquaintances with former schoolmates and friends in Brantford. She is the guest of Mr. Workman of East Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Collieran of Yonge street are spending a very pleasant vacation at the World's Fair, and before returning intend spending a few days in New York city.

The Misses Platts have left on a trip to the Mackinac Islands.

Miss M. Kief and Miss H. McCounney of Buffalo are visiting the latter's cousin, Miss D. McCounney of Dundas street.

Miss A. Sharkey of St. Thomas is in the city the guest of Miss Harke of Niagara street.

Mr. J. L. Morrison, who is spending the summer with his family near Port Sandfield, Muskoka, was in town this week.

Mr. George Augustus Thorpe, who has been visiting friends near Port Sandfield, Muskoka, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lancaster have returned from their wedding trip and will be at home Thursday and Friday, August 17th and 18th, 81 McKenzie crescent.

The City Travellers' Association was inspired by a happy thought when it decided to hold a promenade concert on board the steamer Chippawa on Monday evening, August 21. It is bound to be a pleasant affair.

This evening (Saturday) there will be a hop at the Peninsular Park Hotel, and many people from Toronto are going to take advantage of the special boat and rail facilities offered for the occasion.

Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and other members of the Lyceum Company were at the Queen's Hotel on Wednesday and their presence naturally created a flutter in theatrical and newspaper circles. The party left on Thursday for British Columbia in special C. P. R. car, taking boat at Owen Sound and overtaking their car at Port Arthur. It is expected that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry will play in Toronto some time next March.

St. Paul's church was filled to the doors on Monday morning last to witness the marriage of Miss Minnie Delaney, daughter of Mr. Thomas Delaney of King street east, and Mr.

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M. F. Mogan of the St. R. R. department. The bride looked charming in white silk crepon and carried bride's roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Kate Delaney, who wore pink nuns' veiling and carried mermet roses. Mr. John Mallon attended the groom. An elegant breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father, after which the happy couple started for a trip to Rochester, Buffalo and other cities. At Home Tuesdays in September, at 417 Gerrard street east.

Miss Katherine Ryan of Buffalo was in the city for the Delaney-Mogan wedding.

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House.

Slaves of a City will be the opening attraction at the Toronto Opera House on Monday next, August 14, when E. J. Hassan's scenic melo-drama, cleverly staged, will be produced. The scenes in the piece are laid in the metropolis of New York. It shows all characters in life that are daily seen in a large city. The millionaire, the working girl, the prize fighter, the society lady, the counterfeiter, and clerk and the detective are all fully shown in this melo-drama. The slave of fashion, the slave of sport, the slave of cards, the slave of labor, are all brought face to face and their slavery made plain. It will be a great opening piece for this popular theatre. Don't miss it.

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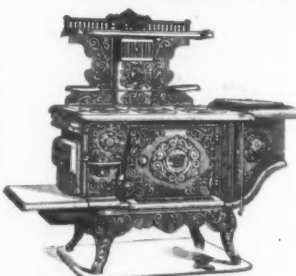
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Rosborough & Sons	275 " "	J. S. Hall	1097 Yonge Street
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Joseph Harrington	419 " "	S. Greer	1134 Queen Street W
S. Hobbs	154 " "		

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SPECIAL HOP EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

Special rate of \$5.00 Saturday to Monday, including return fare on Niagara Navigation Company's splendid steamers. Tickets at Queen's Hotel, Toronto.

Greatly reduced rates for two weeks or longer. Angler's Conference Aug. 9. Tennis Tournament begins Aug. 20. H. WINNETT, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

CHEAP TICKETS

One of the palace steamers STATE OF NEW YORK and STATE OF OHIO will leave Buffalo for Cleveland every evening at 8 15 o'clock, arriving in Cleveland 8 30 next morning. Fare from Toronto to Cleveland and return \$8.20, or Saturday to Monday \$6.20. Stop overs allowed at the Falls or Buffalo. For tickets, circulars, etc., apply to

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Steamship Headquarters, 77 Yonge St.
2nd Door above King.

Lowest rates may also be had for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo and all places east and south by applying at Mr. Burns' Office.

The Summer Hotels.

The following registered at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, last Saturday:—
From Buffalo: Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Gordon, Mrs. G. S. Falcott, Miss Moffat, Mr. H. Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Fryer, Mr. P. P. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gardner, Miss Mabel Gardner, Mrs. R. Gordon, Mr. G. P. Raymond and Mr. and Mrs. P. White. Torontonians: Dr. W. B. Thistle, Miss Amy Monro, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. Ernest Macrae, Mr. J. Craig, Mr. J. Gordon Jones, Mr. W. F. Maclean, Mr. J. Denny, Mr. F. McGaw, Mr. H. G. Grindley, Mrs. G. Royce and Mrs. Maclean; Judge and Mrs. Buchanan of Montreal, Miss Buchanan, Mr. J. W. Garson of London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Dunbuck of Chicago, Mrs. E. B. Reed of Rochester, Mrs. J. Foster Warner of Rochester, Mr. G. F. Peterson of St. Catharines, Mr. I. R. Billett of Peterboro', Mr. C. Bayley of Washington, Mr. Stewart Palmer, London, Eng., Mrs. R. Dalglish of Montreal, Miss Clara Jamieson of Montreal, Mr. J. J. Newall of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kirby of Detroit, Mr. Alexander Alexander of Montreal, Mr. A. Grant of London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. G. Clarke of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Fairbanks of Chicago, From Rochester: Mrs. D. A. Watson, Miss Watson, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. D. Carroll and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Carlton.

St. Leon Springs Hotel:—Hon. W. Provost and lady, Mr. H. Beaupre, Mr. C. B. Lancot, Mr. R. Forget, Mr. E. Lafleur, Hon. L. Tourville, Mr. Gus Lemieux, Mr. T. A. Gauthier, Mr. J. M. Martin, Dr. A. Ethier, Mr. A. Desjardins, Dr. H. Desjardins, Mr. G. H. Garden, Hon. Justice Mathieu, Miss A. Ethier of Montreal; Mrs. A. Gagnon of Three Rivers, Mr. Lauritz Seeborg of Quebec, Mr. W. H. Mayrand of St. Andrew's, N.B., Mrs. E. S. Miltmore of West Brom, Mrs. M. A. Miltmore of Sweetburg, Mr. D. D. Millan, M.P., of Alexandria, Ont., Mr. L. J. Jourdain of Providence, R.I., Mr. W. F. Kingsbury of Derby Line, Vt., Mr. Ira Parker and son, Mr. S. O. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker, Mrs. Lindsey Aldrich, and Mr. H. H. Farr of Littleton, N.H.; Mr. Ben W. Singer and Mr. Thomas H. Worrell of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Green of Buzzard's Bay, Mass., Mr. James L. Cronin of Meridan, Conn.

Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe:—Sir Cornelius Kortwright and Mr. C. W. Kortwright of Barrie; Mrs. James Bethune, Miss Bethune, Mr. W. Macculloch, Mr. Robert McClain, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bain, Mrs. J. W. Young, Mr. W. Ince, Jr., Mr. C. E. Stone, Mrs. W. P. Wilkie of Toronto; Miss Mack and Miss Carrie Mack of St. Catharines; Very Rev. J. J. McCann of St. Michael's, Toronto, Rev. J. D. Hand of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gartand of Louisville, Ky.

Lake View House, Jackson's Point:—Franklin Chalmers, Mrs. J. B. McColl and family, Mrs. Anson Jones and son, Mr. and Mrs. Swartout, Mr. James Wright and family, Mr. Bick, Prof. and Mrs. Willmott, Mr. T. Kinnear and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hilton, Mrs. and Miss Alice Sanders, Mr. M. C. Ellis and family, Mr. W. Solomon and family, Mrs. Wilson and child, Mr. Jas. Manning and family, Mr. Mara and family, Mr. J. W. Lawrence and family, Mrs. Walker, the Misses Bridgland of Toronto; Lieut. Col. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith and family of Brantford; Mr. Thompson and family of Aurora, Mr. R. Corson and daughter, Mrs. H. B. Reesor and daughter, Mrs. Armstrong and daughters, Mr. Wm. Rolph and family, Mr. W. Fleming and family, Mr. W. B. Speight and wife of Markham; Mr. John Elliott and family of Stouffville, Miss Breakenridge of Albany, N. Y., Rev. Mr. Cocking of Goodwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Homer and Miss Earle of Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and child of Detroit, Mr. Jas. Scott and Mr. M. Staunton of Hamilton.

Maplehurst Hotel:—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie and family, Mrs. A. Hutchinson, Mr. W. B. Hamilton, Miss M. A. Clapperton, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss L. M. Hamilton, Mr. R. J. Hannah, Mr. T. Faulkner, Mr. D. R. Wilkie of Toronto; Miss E. Wasley, Mr. W. Wasley, Miss Willis of Gravenhurst; Judge and Mrs. Lawson of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Carling and family of London.

Milford Bay House, Lake Muskoka:—Mr. S. B. Weylie, Miss A. Weylie, Miss M. Rutherford, Mr. John R. Campbell, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. R. Campbell, Miss Minnie Campbell of Hamilton, Miss Jennie Lester of Buffalo, N.Y.; Rev. H. C. Peoples, Mrs. Peoples and child, of Rochester, N.Y., Mr. Emerson Coatsworth, Mrs. E. Coatsworth, Master Emerson and Miss Viva Coatsworth, Mr. A. G. Chesnut, Mrs. Chesnut and child, Mr. J. M. Bryer, Miss A. L. Armstrong, the Misses Watson, Mrs. M. Beatty, Mr. Fred R. Beatty, Mr. R. E. Crane, Mrs. Crane, nurse and family, of Toronto, Mrs. M. Cummings, Miss Louise E. Cummings, Miss C. E. Wolley, Woodstock.

Port Dover.

The week at this charming summer resort has been very lively. The principal event was an At Home, on Wednesday evening, given by Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie Morgan. Their fine residence was beautifully illuminated and decorated for the occasion, while every preparation was made to render the evening thoroughly enjoyable. Among those present were: Mrs. Snider, Miss Rogers, Mrs. and Miss Martin, Mr. A. and Miss Thompson of Cayuga, Prof. and Miss Martin, the Misses Dillon, Prof. Blatner of London; Mr. Andrew Ball of Otterville, Miss Findlay of Hamilton, Miss Matthews, Mr. and Miss Bowlby, Mr. J. Battersby, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Smythe, Miss Whitaker of Simcoe; Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Ball, Miss Higgins, Miss E. Finkle, Mr. H. Finkle of Woodstock; the Misses Symons, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Dr. Tomlinson of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, Mr. E. S. Key of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Passmore of Brockville; Miss Bourne of Jarvis, Miss Skeg of Chatham, Mr. R. Skeg of Norwich, Mr. A. Skeg of Port Elgin, Miss C. Weir, Misses Maud and Helen Weir, Miss Passmore, Miss Welding, Mr. S. E. Passmore, Mr. W. Weir and Mr. H. Frank of Brantford; Mrs. O. Ansley, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Barrett,

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Bic.

This picturesque little Quebec village with its many islands in the lovely bay and grand scenery has a great many visitors this summer. From Quebec are the Hon. Mrs. Campbell with her daughters, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Joly de Lathinier and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and family, Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley and the Misses Schwartz. From Montreal: Mrs. and Mr. Douglas, Mrs. McFarlane and family, Miss Wray, Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Archibald and family, Mrs. Hollis, Rev. Dr. McVickers and daughters and Mrs. Scrimger and family. From Ottawa: Lady Grant and daughters, Mrs. and the Misses Bogert, Mrs. Almon Hill, Mrs. Steele and Miss Smith. From Toronto: Mrs. Musgrave, Miss Cosens, and Miss Atkinson; Mrs. Pearson of Halifax, Mrs. and the Misses Campbell of Toledo, and Miss Watt, B.A., of Guelph.

The Hon. Mrs. Campbell gave a charming little tea on Monday afternoon. On Wednesday



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day Lady Grant entertained her friends at a tea. On Friday Mrs. Hollis assisted by her sister, Mrs. Campbell and daughters, gave a yellow tea. The decorations were most artistic. Among the guests noticed: Lady Grant, Mrs. Bogert and her daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. and Miss Douglas and Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Scrimger, Miss Wray, Miss Stevenson, Miss Cosens, Mrs. Musgrave and others.

Mr. Douglas gave a very pleasant euchre party last Tuesday evening at which all invited enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Rumor has it that Mrs. Douglas will soon give a garden party.

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Matchings

MR. IRVING leaves for England AUG. 16 and will give his personal attention to all orders for matchings of Dinner Sets, Tea Sets Toilet Sets, Glassware, &c.

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Births.

KENNEDY—August 6, Mrs. A. E. Kennedy—a son.
HARGRAFT—August 8, Mrs. J. Hargraff—a son.
KENNEDY—August 4, Mrs. E. L. Kennedy—a son.
McMINN—August 7, Mrs. T. J. McMin—a daughter.
WEBSTER—August 5, Mrs. H. C. Webster—a son.
ABBOTT—August 6, Mrs. (Prt.) A. C. Abbott—a son.
JACKMAN—August 6, Mrs. Harry Jackman—a daughter.
McCAIG—August 6, Mrs. Colin M. McCaig—a son.
WINSLOW—August 5, Mrs. E. F. Winslow—a son.

Marriages.

BLACK-KNOX—At Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 26, by Rev. Armstrong Black, brother of the bridegroom, Ebenezer Charlton Black, youngest son of the late Rev. John Black of Liddesdale, Scotland, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Mr. A. W. Knox of St. Mary's, Ont.
DROPE-NELLES—At Grimsby, Aug. 9, William J. Drope to Lillian Nelles.
PORTER-SUTHERLAND—Aug. 9, Frederic D. Porter to Jean Evelyn Sutherland.
CRESWICK-SPRY—Aug. 9, Alfred E. H. Creswick to Mary E. F. Spry.
URQUHART-THOMPSON—Aug. 8, Charles E. Urquhart to Ella M. Thompson.
MITCHELL-MACKENZIE—Aug. 9, Adam B. Mitchell to Kate Mackenzie.
CHEESMAN-TURNER—Aug. 7, F. M. Cheesman to Alice M. Turner.
LESTER-MADDEN—July 26, John W. Lester to Bella M. Madden.

Deaths.

LEY—At 111 Wellington ave., Thomson Ley, relict of the late Vernon N. Ley, aged 66 years.



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McLIVER—Aug. 9, Douina McLiver, aged 5 months.
GRAHAM—Aug. 8, Patrick Graham, aged 88.
BARRETT—Aug. 3, Rebecca Barrett, aged 61.
GAMBLE—Aug. 7, Harriet E. Boulton Gamble, aged 74.
STEPHENSON—Aug. 6, Rev. R. L. Stephenson, M.A., aged 67.
FORSTER—Aug. 5, Jane Wilkinson Forster.
LAWWAY—July 30, Eliza Lawway, aged 88.
LACKIE—Aug. 3, Bertie Lackie, aged 18.
HARRISON—Aug. 8, Mrs. Sarah E. Harrison, aged 70.
PRITCHARD—Aug. 5, Fern Pritchard, aged 4.
MASON—Aug. 6, Edward W. Mason, aged 74.

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